The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 276. Vol. XLVI. SEPTEMBER, 1914. **Price Sixpence.**

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 229

THE READER—

Charles Garvice. By Arthur Rutland 232

Books. By Irvin S. Cobb .. 240

Prize Competitions 241

Walter Bagehot. By G. S. Layard 243

NEW BOOKS—

London Origins and Relics. By Wilfred Whitten .. 244

Friedrich Nietzsche. By Richard Curle 244

A Knight on Wheels 246

The Scottish War of Independence.. 246

The Novelist's Attitude. By Frank Swinnerton .. 247

Maxim Gorky. By Harold Massingham 248

The Art and Craft of Letters. By Brimley Johnson .. 248

The Old African Highway. By M. Torin 249

The Successors of Tolstoy. By George Sampson. .. 250

Belgium 250

Poems and Legends. By Edward Thomas 251

NOVEL NOTES—

Greylake of Mallerby — Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels—The Toll—The Belfry—A Garden of the Gods—Quinney's—Bird of Paradise—Only a Dog's Life 252

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

John Barleycorn — Croquet — On Life and Letters—Russia 253

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 254

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

In conjunction with the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing a series of *Daily Telegraph War Books*, which will present a complete history of the Great War. The first volume in the series, "How the War Began" (1s. net), giving a full and clear account of all the circumstances that led up to the vast European conflict, is now on sale.

Messrs. Macmillan have published Mr. Kipling's striking verses "If" as a penny leaflet. Its vigorous manful exhortations to

> "keep your head when all about you
> Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

and to

> "meet with Triumph and Disaster
> And treat those two impostors just the same."

and to

> "Watch the things you gave your life to broken,
> And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools,"

are especially timely nowadays, and should prove a source of inspiration to many in these hours when the manhood of the nation is on its trial.

Mr. Heinemann is issuing a cheap popular reprint of Franz Beyerlein's "Jena or Sedan?" a powerful novel which traces the gradual ossification of the German military system, and on its first publication, a few years ago, created a great sensation both here and in Germany.

An important book, in its bearings on the present crisis, is Sir George Aston's "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," which has just been published by Mr. John Murray, who published some short time back two other books of great value to all who desire to understand the full significance of what is happening: Professor Cramb's "Germany and England," and "German Sea-Power," by Archibald Hurd.

It is not easy to find a single book that traces the political intriguings of the last forty years in Europe, of which we are now witnessing the tragic outcome. "The Development of the European Nations, 1870–1900," by J. Holland Rose (Constable), now in its third edition, deals in one compact volume with the causes and events of the Franco-German War of 1870, the development of the German

Empire, the making of the Triple and Dual Alliances, the history of modern Russia, the beginnings of the most troublous question of modern times, the future of Turkey in Europe, and of the Balkan States.

Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. are issuing as a penny pamphlet the sermon preached by the Bishop of London after the outbreak of war, on August 9th.

The general interest in the war and the nations involved in it has naturally brought about an increased demand for the volumes on Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Hungary, Holland, and France in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series; and for certain volumes in Messrs. Pitman's admirable "Countries and Peoples" series, such as "Belgium and the Belgians," by Demetrius C. Boulger; "Austria and the Austrians and Hungary," by Professor Kellner, Madame Paula Arnold and Arthur L. Delisle; "Russia of the Russians," by Dr. Harold W. Williams, and "France of the French," by E. Harrison Barker. The same firm recently issued the eleventh volume of M. Olliver's, "The Franco-Prussian War and its Hidden Causes," this volume dealing with the period immediately preceding the war of 1870.

Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh. **Mr. Ian Hay,** whose new novel, "A Knight on Wheels," is reviewed in this Number.

Another book to which the events of the hour give an added importance is "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People," by John de Courcy MacDonnell, which was published by Mr. John Long a few days before the outbreak of the war, and is reviewed on another page.

Yet other books to gain new significance from the world-tragedy enacting in Europe are Mr. Frederick William Wile's brilliant studies in the personalities of the men responsible for Germany's domestic policy and action in the field, "Men Around the Kaiser" (Heinemann); Mr. H. G. Wells' famous romance, "The War in the Air" (Nelson), which is in great demand; Mr. Zangwill's "The War God," a play that was produced last year at His Majesty's Theatre, and is published by Mr. Heinemann. In one of its most striking scenes is this prophetic utterance, regarding Germany's insatiable War Lord:

"Why squat here spinning crafty labyrinths,
Jetting your filthy network o'er the globe?
You think to bind the future? Poor grey spinner!
Fate, the blind housewife, with her busy broom
Shall shrivel at one sweep your giant web
And leave the little naked scuttling spider!"

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing next month two new volumes by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson: "Thoroughfares," a collection of lyrical, and "Borderlands," a collection of dramatic poems.

"Progressive Portugal," a new travel book by Miss Ethel C. Hargrove, F.R.G.S., will be published shortly by Mr. Werner Laurie. It will be illustrated with thirty-two plates, and will contain four pieces of Portuguese music, and a map.

Miss Lilian Whiting has completed a new novel which is to appear shortly under the title of "The Lure of London."

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing a volume of epigrams, "The Reflections of a Cheerful Pessimist," by Mr. H. Cecil Palmer, late manager of Mr. Foulis's London office, and now in partnership with Mr. Frank Palmer. The book is dedicated to Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

Messrs. Putnam have published a new edition of "One Year of Pierrot," by the Mother of Pierrot—

a very charming idyll of motherhood that has appealed and is appealing irresistibly to women readers.

We have received an advance copy of "Mirandy," by Dorothy Dix, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing shortly. The quaint humour of Mirandy is delightful. She discourses on "The Troubles of Women," "Why Men Don't Marry," "Retaining a Husband's Love," "Other People's Children," "Women Popping the Question," "Worrying," "Why Women Can't Vote," "Being Good," and on a score and a half of subjects that concern everybody, with the shrewdest good sense and a wit and drollery which move the reader to that best sort of laughter that has a sense of tenderness in it and of pity for human weaknesses. There are a number of capital illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has issued from the Oxford University Press the "Form of Intercession with Almighty God on behalf of His Majesty's Naval and Military Forces now engaged in War," prepared by authority of the Privy Council. It is published in two sizes, at 3s. net and 1s. net per hundred.

"The Flower of Peace," a collection of the devotional poetry of Katharine Tynan, has been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. This volume contains some of Katharine Tynan's thoughtfullest and finest poetry. It is beautifully simple in utterance, and breathes such true humility of soul and devotional feeling as inspires the lyrics of Crashaw and Francis Thompson.

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.
whose new novel, "Men of the Deep Waters," Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing shortly.

Mr. W. L. Cribb.

Mr. W. L. Cribb, whose novel, "Greylake of Mallerby," we review elsewhere, is a Custom House Officer, stationed in Lincolnshire. He was born at Southsea thirty-seven years ago. His father served in the Royal Navy, and his mother comes of one of the oldest families in Herefordshire—they were mostly farmers in the Golden Valley, and they trace back for at least half a dozen centuries. Two of the girls of the family were Maids of Honour to Queen Anne. Mr. Cribb passed his infancy and early boyhood in that Golden Valley of Herefordshire; then he lived for nine years in Somersetshire. In 1898 he entered the Excise, and, after a year in Scotland, studied for five years in the Government Laboratory in London. He was then transferred to Louth, where he has lived for the last decade, and where the scene of "Greylake of Mallerby" is laid, with occasional excursions into a London suburb. Both in temperament and occupation, Mr. Cribb has certain affinities with Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has left us a description of himself as a Customs Officer in "The House with Seven Gables."

Mr. W. C. Scully, the well-known South African writer, has completed a new book, "Lodgers in the Wilderness," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing.

"With Wellington in the Pyrenees," an admirable study of one of Wellington's greatest campaigns, by Brigadier-General Beatson, has just been published by Mr. Max Goschen.

A book of great interest and importance, for the light it throws on the dark ways of European diplomacy and the unification and development

of modern Italy, is the third volume of the "Crispi Memoirs," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. This third volume deals largely with international problems—in particular with the Triple Alliance and with Italy's relations towards France and Austria.

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders's new novel, "The Belfry," makes a special appeal at this time, in that it is a story of Belgium; its scenes are laid in Bruges, and in and about the cities that are figuring largely in the War reports. It is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who are also publishing: "Her Royal Highness," a mystery story of the Chancellories of Europe, by William Le Queux; "The Fugitive," by Roy Bridges, a picturesque romance of old London and the Australian convict settlements; and "Blue Water," a striking tale of life among the deep-sea fishermen, by Frederick William Wallace.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing immediately a new novel, "Lovers in Exile," by Baroness von Heyking, a story that incidentally contains a striking indictment of North German Society, and the methods of the German Foreign Office.

"Women of the Classics," by Miss Mary C. Sturgeon, a series of studies in the women characters of ancient and modern literature; and "The Oriental Omar," twenty-eight studies, for which notable Omar Khayyám enthusiasts have posed, are among the new books that, in spite of the war, Messrs. Harrap are publishing.

"Forty Years of 'Spy,'" a book of personal recollections by Mr. Leslie Ward, the famous caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

For twenty-five years Messrs. Longman have issued a Fairy Tale Book by Andrew Lang. This year Mr. Henry Newbolt succeeds Mr. Lang, and has written "The Book of the Blue Sea," which will be published early in the Autumn.

Mr. W. Forbes Gray has written a volume on "The Poets Laureate of England: Their History and their Odes," and it is to be published shortly by Messrs. Pitman.

Mrs. Stephen Phillips, the wife of the well-known poet, has written a song, "Your World was My World," which has just been published by the Burleigh Publishing Company.

A year or so ago Mr. John Lane published "Austria: Her People and Their Homelands," by James Baker, F.R.G.S. The book describes the strange mixture of races that compose that Empire, and enables one to understand why Francis Joseph is proving such a broken reed as the Kaiser's ally.

Mr. George Poisue is editing for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund a "Who's Who of the War" (1s. net), which should be invaluable as a sort of newspaper reader's companion.

A concise and well written "Life of Lord Kitchener," by F. W. Hackwood, is included by Messrs. Collins in their sevenpenny series.

A book about Greater Britain that is sure of a ready public is Colonel S. B. Steele's "Forty Years in Canada," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins announces for immediate publication.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:
TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last year's Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the* 1st *October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the* 1st *December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

THE READER.

CHARLES GARVICE.

By Arthur Rutland.

I.

SOMEWHERE Dickens has confessed that one of the proudest moments of his life came when a passing artizan recognised and ventured to stop him in the street, asking that he might be allowed to shake hands with the man who had given him so much pleasure. And only the other week I heard Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens say that he never felt prouder of being his father's son than when he was in Jamaica and an old negro climbed down from his trap to approach diffidently and enquire whether it was true that his name was Mr. Dickens; then, whether he was related to Charles Dickens, the novelist, and on learning that he was, begged that he might be allowed to shake hands with him, because of the love and admiration he had for his father and his father's books.

Now, it seems to me that testimony such as this is more largely significant and must, in the long run, be more satisfying to any novelist than the technical opinions, than even the dignified approval and commendation, of the most eminent critics. For the primary aim of your novelist is not to appeal to students and scholars; they do not constitute the public he has in his thoughts when he sits to write a story. Novelists are the lineal descendants of those wandering minstrels who used to make a living by reciting stories or chaunting old ballads in the market-places; and always the first business of the story-teller is to have a story to tell, and to be able so to tell it that all the average men in the crowd may without difficulty comprehend and be enthralled by it. Otherwise, now as in the past, when his hat goes round it comes back unfilled, and so practically demonstrates to him that he has mistaken his vocation.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Charles Garvice.**

Specially taken for The Bookman.

"He who lives to please must please to live,"

as Dryden has it. The greatest narrators have never failed to charm both the critical and the general reader; they are in more than one sense but the poorest of novelists, however correctly they may write, whose tales leave the general reader cold and by some show of literary ability and technical finish please the professional critic only. Abler, a more cunning master of his craft and of more value in his day and generation is the author who, whatever strictures the purely academic may pass upon him, carries delight and the beauty and wonder of romance into the lives of the thousands that will not be fobbed off with pretensions to style or any literary gymnastics, but demand of the novelist that he shall first and last and all the time fulfil his essential function and tell them a tale, and tell it with such skill as to win their interest and make them willing to believe it.

No living writer meets these latter requirements more thoroughly, with a surer mastery of his medium, than does Mr. Charles Garvice. I have given up trying to count how many books he has written—they number, I believe, somewhere near a hundred; they have been translated into French (several of his serials have run in *Le Liberté*), into German, and other languages; and some seven million copies of them have been sold. To have given pleasure to so vast a multitude of readers should be enough for the ambition of any writer. And his readers are of all sorts and conditions. He has a large library public, but he is one of the few novelists who are bought even more extensively than they are borrowed. You may see his volumes lying in West End drawing-rooms, and find them treasured in thousands of the humblest of homes, for all his works are accessible in very

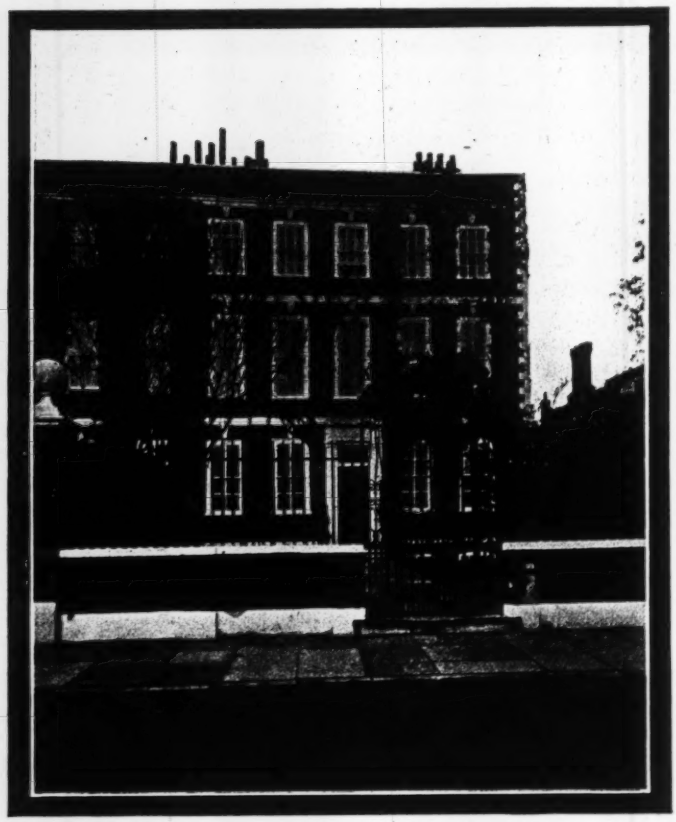


Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.
Mr. Garvice's home at Richmond.

cheap editions. Clerks, typists, shop-assistants, artisans, city men, society ladies, men and women of the upper and middle and all other classes are included in the enormous circle of his readers, and none of all these widely differing thousands read him for any but the best of reasons —that they enjoy doing so.

II.

In an account of his beginnings that he gave about two years ago, Mr. Garvice wrote in *T. P.'s Weekly*: "I might say that I began, wedged into the angle of a play-ground wall at a certain preparatory school at Bexley Heath, with Dickens's 'David Copperfield' on my knees." He was not contented, however, to remain merely a reader, even under the influence of Dickens, and it was not long before he was taken with an irresistible desire to become a novelist himself. He happened to be acquainted with an author who, from writing very successful farces and melodramas, had lapsed into editing one of the most popular weeklies of its time. "In the goodness of his heart," says Mr. Garvice, "he invited me to try my hand at a short story. My head was chock full of them—I was nineteen—I dashed one off; it was accepted and paid for. A mine of wealth lay glittering at my feet. From short stories I rose to the dignity of a serial"—which met with such an enthusiastic reception that thenceforward, for many years, serials of his were continually running in the paper (to say nothing of those he was contributing to other papers). Directly one ended, another was begun; and they were invariably honoured with a place on the front page.

"I call this my real beginning," Mr. Garvice adds, "because it was while I was doing this work I learned that whatever else a serial writer may be, he must never be dull. I had not been very long on the paper before I saw that the finer your style, the closer your characterisation, the more consistent and convincing your plot, the better the great public, the vast body of readers—now counted by millions and increasing every day—liked your story. But the interest must never flag; you could not drop your readers for a week or two and hope to pick them up again; once dropped they were lost for ever and your career ended. . . . An actor on the stage knows in a moment when he is losing his audience, and the trained serial writer has the same sensitiveness; and it is this knowledge and the power of avoiding dulness and maintaining the interest which make the good serial as successful in book form as it was when it was running its course in a magazine or other periodical. If a novel is no good as a serial, depend upon it that it will be a failure as a six-shilling volume.

Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

Entrance Hall,
No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.

Charles Garvice at the age of 30.

I speak from experience, for every story I have issued by instalments has been published in book form."

Here, then, you have the secret of Mr. Garvice's phenomenal popularity. After all, it is a very open secret, and was discovered long since by the great Victorian novelists, from Dickens and Thackeray to Trollope and Lever; they too wrote for serial publication, did not think it beneath them to keep in touch with their readers, had to have a story to tell, a plot to unfold, and knew there was no real success for them, with whatever literary charm they might write, if their monthly instalments failed to keep the tale alive and moving and its general interest maintained, I have sometimes wondered whether it might not have been the better for certain accomplished novelists of our day if their pride had been chastened in the common-sense school of the serialist; whether they are not more or less ineffectual because they take themselves and their work too seriously and are so bent upon being literary that they will not condescend to do their business and tell a mere tale; whether, if they could humble themselves a little, look up to their public instead of down on it, they might not, like Antæus when he touched earth, grow strong. For it is undeniable that the best literature has not been written for the select few, nor by writers who were too acutely conscious of the art with which they were writing.

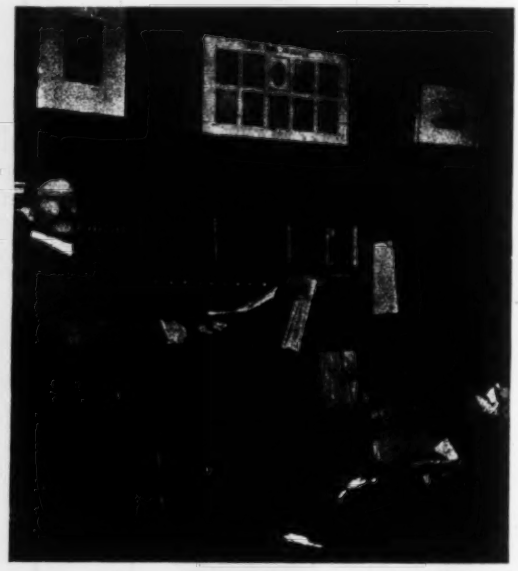
III.

Of more value than any speculations of mine as to the secret of Mr. Garvice's vogue is his own frank account of it, so I make no apology for quoting again—this time from an article by Philip Gibbs that appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. "The fact is," Mr. Garvice remarked to his interviewer, "that I write upon very simple and very old lines which do not change in human nature. It occurred to me, when I was quite a young man, that I could get a wide public, including all classes of readers, if I could write fiction which would appeal to the natural instincts of men and women, whatever their rank in life. Now, there are some things which all men and women like and want. They like a story with a plot which makes them want to know 'what is going to happen next.' They like stories of love, and youth, and romance, because, however wise they are in knowledge of the world, whether they are steeped in knowledge of evil or innocent of it, the spirit of youth calls to them and they still have a little sentiment in their hearts which responds to a tale of love, and they like to forget the squalor of sordid realism in a tale of romance. My stories, such as they are, have the qualities of melodrama without being written in a sensational or melodramatic style. That is to say, they have dramatic movement, a touch of mystery, a continual thread of incident, a characterisation as strong as I can make it, so that the characters may seem alive, and a direct and simple appeal to the emotions of the readers. I try to win their affections for the characters so that they are really interested in the fate that befalls them. I try to make them laugh, and to have a little moisture in their eyes at times, and I write carefully, in plain English, so that the man of letters or the university man is not outraged by slovenly sentences while enjoying the plot and the general interest of the story just as much as the typist girl or the city clerk. That is my 'trick' if you like to call it so."

It sounds easy, but how few novelists have found a way of doing this? It is a frank and modest revelation of his art that is delightfully characteristic of this most popular and most modest of authors. Mr. Garvice has no pretensions, no affectations, no pose of any kind. He cultivates neither long hair. nor dreamy and bookish manners. He is as keenly interested in life as in books. There is nothing whatever of the conventional literary

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Charles Garvice at the age of 45.



Charles Garvice in his study at Little Silworthy, Devonshire.

From a photo by Mr. Horace Wyndham.

man in his appearance ; there is no smell of the lamp or even of the library about him, but such a suggestion of eager vitality and open air breeziness that I always think he looks cramped and caged at afternoon teas in drawing-rooms, and that he would feel more at home even in his beloved Authors' Club (he has been its Chairman now for some while) if it did not shut him within walls but were free to the sky and air and carpeted with grass. Genial, kindly, tactful, everybody who knows him holds him in the warmest personal regard ; the optimism of his novels, their genuine feeling for romance, the spirit of youth that breathes through them and their broad sympathy with the ideals and fallibilities of humanity—these things are natural to him ; they are as much a part of his own charming personality as of the stories that he writes.

In London, Mr. Garvice makes his home in a beautiful old-world house in Maids of Honour Row, at Richmond ; but a good deal of his work is done in chambers just off the Strand. He has a pleasant cottage by the river at Henley, where he indulges in fishing and boating ; and in North Devonshire he is a landowner, an amateur farmer, and takes a prominent part in the public life of the neighbourhood. He is, or has been, a member of his Urban District Council ; a County Councillor ; chairman of a local Conservative association and a Conservator of Rivers. How he makes time and has spare energy for all this I do not know, but I do know it must have involved him in unremitting and strenuous toil, and it flatters my vanity to perceive that in his youthful aspect and abounding vitality Mr. Garvice exemplifies one of my pet theories—that the harder a man works the stronger he grows and the younger he remains. It is your men of leisure, as a rule, who grow old before their time, because they have nothing better to do. Of course, in this connection, everything depends upon your heart being in your work ; it is when he is

Charles Garvice

on an old hunter, outside his house in Devonshire.

drudging at uncongenial task-work that a man feels the full weight of what he is doing and by degrees breaks down under the burden.

Before everything else, Mr. Garvice is a born story-teller, and he brings to the writing of fiction, as in a lesser degree to farming, politics, local government, the same happy enthusiasm that other men bring to hunting and playing golf. Which is not to say that he is not himself addicted to those sports—he has confessed to a weakness for fox-hunting, riding, driving, cycling and fishing, and if he is silent concerning golf I suspect it is that he is still too robust for it, and has some idea of saving it up as a restful recreation for the evening of his days. You cannot read the book in which he has related his experiences as a farmer, "A Farm in Creamland," without realising that farming has been to him a practical business and a healthful form of amusement in one. Here, from the book is his own account of how he evolved, almost as in the ordinary course of nature, from a cultivator of plots for stories into a tiller of the soil, an owner of live stock, a gentleman farmer :

The Thatch Cottage, Hambleden.

Mr. Garvice's house at Henley-on-Thames.

"Some men are born to agriculture, some are thrust into it, some achieve it. We slid into it this way : It is necessary to state at the outset that, for my sins, I am a member of that unfortunate class which is accursed of the Socialist, and the meek prey of the tax-gatherer—

the landowners. Some of the land lies in four moorland parishes; it is looked after by a patient, long-suffering, and capable agent named Dixon, who stands between the landlord and the tenants, as one may stand between the devil and the deep sea; far be it from me to specify which is which in this case.

"It is only of recent years that we have resided on the property . . . but I had a little shooting and fishing-box on the edge of the moor near two of my farms, and the boys and I used to go up there now and again, and rough it; actually rough it, for the cottage contained only a living room, a kind of dairy, and a couple of bedrooms. There were a two-stall stable, and an outhouse or two. We did our own cleaning, what there was of it, and our own cooking. I was the cook. . . .

"We were so happy in our roughing it, that we returned to our legitimate home, some fifteen miles away, on the banks of the Torridge, in such high spirits, and so improved in health and temper, that our girls grew curious, and insisted on joining us on our next visit to the moor. They liked it. Madam, who had always viewed these expeditions with anxiety and gentle pity—I think she was under the impression that we never washed ourselves—was lured to participate in our 'folly,' and, strange to say, also took a liking to the place. As we are a numerous family, it is evident that two bedrooms did not suffice; 'sleeping out' at the village inn was not altogether satisfactory—the inn was a mile away—so we enlarged the cottage, and made it our home. There are some fields attached to it—about twenty acres—and one day I announced with a bravado which concealed an obvious nervousness, that I meant keeping 'a cow or two, and—er—perhaps, a pig.' It was the first step which, our anxious and pitying friends declared, must inevitably lead to disaster. . . .

"Humbly, meekly, I record the next step. It was necessary that the cottage should be again enlarged; and the plans got out; but at this psychological moment our eldest son came home on leave. He objected that the land was not large enough for a house the size contemplated, and then made the daring, startling suggestion that we should take over one of the farms, Threshworthy, the lease of which was just falling in, build a suitable house, and—and farm the land ourselves. Whatever else I may be, I think I may claim to be a dutiful and obedient parent; and, notwithstanding the jeremiads of our friends, who indulged in a consensus of dismal prophecy, the farm was taken from the outgoing tenant, the house was built, and we plunged into farming; genuine, practical farming."

Charles Garvice and his daughters Winifred and Olive.

Painted by Frederick Whiting, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1913.

I have given this long extract because of the pleasant glimpse it affords of Mr. Garvice's home life, the hints you may gather from it concerning his own individuality and his family—that son who came home on leave, by the way, is Captain Chudleigh Garvice, D.S.O., of the Dublin Fusiliers—no less than because it accounts for his

Moorlands. A fishing cottage on Dartmoor where several of Mr. Garvice's novels were written.

developing into a farmer. There follows a capital picture of the adjacent village and its inhabitants, and then by artful degrees you are led into a gossipy, amusing, and withal minutely practical record of how the farm is run. The beginner may learn from this book how to plant, to till, to sow, to reap; how to keep pigs, sheep, cattle, horses—in fact, to an unsophisticated but envious townsman it seems to be a complete manual on the art of farming, and the joys of it too.

IV.

But we are not yet at the end of the list of Mr. Garvice's many and various activities. In addition to being a novelist, farmer, sportsman, politician, County Councillor, chairman of a leading London Literary Club, he is a dramatist, an actor and a lecturer. Incidentally, he is one of the wittiest of after-dinner speakers. Not so long ago, his romantic drama "The Fisherman's Daughter" was produced at the Royalty Theatre; the same play has delighted large audiences at a Devonshire theatre, with Mr. Garvice playing the hero in it. More recently a dramatised version of his novel "A Heritage of Hate" has held the boards in London and toured successfully through the provinces. When a literary and debating society was established in a North Devon town, Mr. Garvice threw himself heartily into assisting its projectors, and gave lectures and dramatic recitals that were received with unqualified acclaim. "During amateur theatricals I have seen him in 'Ruy Blas,'" writes a well-known journalist, "holding his audience arrested by the tensity of his power in the character of the minister who upbraids the fickle court, his vibrant voice ringing with a pathos absolutely moving." One of his most popular novels, "The Girl in the Gutter," was dramatised a year or two back, and an enterprising theatrical manager was anxious to arrange a series of performances, with Mr. Garvice presenting a leading character in the drama. At the time this was found impracticable, in view of Mr. Garvice's other engagements, but one hopes yet to see him in one of his own plays on a London stage.

Meanwhile, on London and provincial platforms, he has proved himself an effective and popular lecturer, and has given dramatic recitals that have won storms of applause from crowded audiences and golden opinions from the newspaper critics everywhere. One critic bears testimony to his "rare gift of being able to hold an audience spellbound for two hours"; another speaks of how "verging between tears and laughter the audience at times hung upon his words in intense silence"; all remark upon his sure, easy skill in telling a story, his dramatic power of recital; and one says (as others have said in different terms), "He has certainly recaptured the power, once wielded by Dickens, of commanding an audience." By the way, in cataloguing Mr. Garvice's occupations, I should have mentioned that he was recently elected President of the Institute of Lecturers.

Going to the Meet.

From "A Farm in Creamland," by Charles Garvice.

V.

Charles Garvice.

It is this multiplicity of his interests, the close personal contact he makes with so many phases of life, the rare gift he has of being on terms of instinctive understanding and fellowship with all manner of men, and the knowledge he so gathers of experiences outside his own, that stand him in good stead when he withdraws into his study to plan out a story and to write it—or, rather, to dictate it. I should imagine he is much too energetic a man to have the necessary patience to sit down and write one. He has declared that it is impossible to compose a novel on the typewriter with satisfactory results, and I can believe it is impossible for him. His method is, first of all, to build up his plot, to have a real story to tell, but never to start telling it until his characters have grown up in his mind and become actual personalities to him—then to tell it in simple, straightforward fashion, with a keen sense of all its dramatic possibilities and of the romance that underlies all life for one who has the eye to see it. And he does literally tell his story—he never writes a line. Smoking a pipe, he walks up and down his room dictating as fast as most people talk, afterwards drastically revising his work before it goes to the typist.

A curious fact is that Mr. Garvice's books were selling by the hundred thousand in America, and his name was already a household word there before this country had taken him to its heart. I remember that when I first heard of him I was under the impression that he was an American. His first successful book over here was "Just a Girl," published in 1899—it was so successful that it lifted him at once into the ranks of popular English novelists, and from that time to this every novel he has written has met with as wide an acceptance among us as with the discerning public of the States. What is the use of trying to decide which is the best of his stories, when each of them is a favourite one with some big section of his readers? So much depends, in this regard, on whether you prefer the novel of sentiment, of adventure, of mystery, of picturesque romance, of high life, of low life, of homely English environment, or of a less familiar setting in foreign cities and amid the wilder places of the earth; for Mr. Garvice is one of the most varied and cosmopolitan of living novelists. He has fitted himself for his work not only by mingling intimately in the motley lives of his own people, but by travelling all about the world and making acquaintance with the peoples of other nations and with the lives they live. "Nance," for instance, "Love in a Snare," "Maurice Durant," "The Lady of Darracourt," his latest book "The Woman's Way," and many others are stories of English life, trafficking now in mean streets, now in the fashionable society of London, and now with the peasantry and county families of our English country towns and villages; "A Heritage of Hate," "By Dangerous Ways," and others move between England and the wilds of America; "Dulcie" takes you to Italy; and so through others of them you pass to France, to Spain, to Russia, the very breadth of the stage on which his characters play their parts adding to the colour, the freshness, the continual movement, change and picturesque interest of his tales. But in the main they are stories of English life, of English people; and their author is no less at home in the romantic highways and byways of London than in the vastly different but equally, sometimes even more, romantic and pleasanter ways of the countryside.

"My ambition has been and is," he will tell you, "to write novels which may be read in the family circle without any harm to any member of it, old or young. Not a very high ambition, you will say; but there you are." Anyhow, it was a high enough ambition to satisfy some of the greatest novelists of the past; and it is an ambition that Mr. Garvice has most triumphantly achieved, for it is no exaggeration to say that nowadays his name is known wherever the English language is spoken; and I think he must feel more than compensated for any detractions of those select coteries of superior persons who have never read his books by the admiration and warm affection of the millions of grateful men and women who have read and are reading them.

BOOKS.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

THE editor of this magazine has asked me to write a little bit about books. To me that seems almost as big a contract as handing over a column of newspaper space to a scientist and asking him to fill it with a history of creation, say, or a résumé of the theory of evolution. Not that I am a scientist or the seventh son of the seventh son of one, but because, to me, books seem to sum up and amply comprehend and include all that there is of life and to life. What other men have known of life they put into books. What each of us has known of life we hope some day to put into a book, or to see put into a book, which amounts to pretty much the same thing. After all, what is a book but a slice of life with a cover on it? It may be a book that is dull about life that is interesting, or a book that is interesting about life that is dull; but one or the other it is very apt to be. An unabridged dictionary may at first reading appear to be tolerably stupid, not to say turgid, work. The style is certainly very jumpy and the theme is not sustained, but the words which it contains, differently arranged, have made literature before now. We must remember that.

I imagine that with ninety-nine out of a hundred of us—to be conservative—our most vividly remembered juvenile impression has to do with books and with reading. In my own case I am quite sure that this is so. Certain events of early life stand out from a scrambled recollection of my remotest past with particular distinctness. For instance, there was the time when I found in the remote recesses of the hay-loft a lonely hen's egg of a weathered and antique aspect, and in the innocence of childish fancy undertook to saw it in half with a haggly little saw of tin from my Christmas tool-chest. I think I couldn't have been more than four then, and I am now nearer forty than four, but this minute I can shut my eyes and open my nose and smell the smell of that combustive egg as it went off with a muffled but significant crash. And the time when, stealing my first stolen watermelon at the instigation of two slightly more matured conspirators, I was fired upon by a farmer with a shot gun—how well I remember that too. He didn't hit me; I doubt whether he even tried to hit me; but so far as the mental effect was concerned he might as well have hit me, and in a vital spot, too, because in that one tragic fractional part of a second I had all the sensations of being shot and of dying and of arriving at the gates of the Bad Place with a watermelon belonging to somebody else in my arms and no alibi ready. Anyone reared as I was, in a strict Presbyterian household, will readily understand the embarrassment of this situation.

But more clearly than any other memory to me is the memory of the first book I ever heard read, with understanding. It was "The Tale of Cock Robin," the oldest and best account of a murder trial in which expert testimony figured. It was a linen-backed book, with pictures done in green and red that came off on your fingers, and if Donie, which was the name of the black nurse, skimped the job and slurred a single line of that thrilling narrative, I recall that I would make her go back and read it all over again, because I very soon knew it off by heart, and do yet.

But the first book I ever read for myself was Stanley's "Adventures in Africa," a reasonably solid work. This was a large green volume which had been sold on subscription, and when you held it on your lap your legs went to sleep. Also it bristled with long hard African names that were as full of vowel sounds as oil running out of a jug, but if you skipped over or went round them you came after a while to the chapter about Stanley finding Dr. Livingstone in the vasty depths of that dark and udder-shaped continent. Possibly it may be because earliest impressions are the most lasting ones, but it has always seemed to me, and it still seems to me, that the meeting of those two men in the middle of Africa was one of the most dramatic things in the history of the English-speaking races.

Somewhere about here Robinson Crusoe came into my life to abide there for ever after as the figure of a man who wore heavy goatskins and was perfectly comfortable, so doing, in a climate where Man Friday and all the other native-born residents went about nude as raw oysters; and shortly after Robinson Crusoe that pious and gifted family the Swiss Family Robinson gave me the pleasure of their acquaintance; and then in succession through the years there came a procession of the everlasting heroes—Tom Brown and Sam Weller, Handy Andy and Israel Putnam, Natty Bumpo and Falstaff, Don Quixote and Nick Carter, Long John Silver and Gallant Dick Turpin, Huck Finn and another boy named Kim.

The day when I got hold of "Treasure Island" is marked in my mind with a red asterisk the size of a sunset, and there is another blazing star for Huck. You see they aren't characters in a book to me. They are old friends, who grew up with me from boyhood, and whom I meet when I read, as I do at least once a year, some of Mark Twain and a good deal of Robert Louis Stevenson, and also "Pickwick Papers" and "The Psalms of David" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a few of De Maupassant's and a few more of Kipling's, mainly ballads and jungle tales these last. I read these because they are universal, and then I read "The Gentleman From Indiana" and the "Boss of Little Arcady," and a batch of Fables in Slang and several of Mr. Dooley's conversations with Hennessy, because they are so American. And about once in so long, too, I read Lincoln's Gettysburg address and Lee's farewell to the army of Northern Virginia, and I love to think that, had the positions of those two been reversed it might well have been Lee who wrote the address and Lincoln who delivered the farewell to his soldiers.

Since I began trying, a couple of years back or so, to provide material to go between book covers I don't read quite so many books as I once did—not new books anyway. But I will tell you in confidence what I do read more closely than I used to—the reviews.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English literature (in prose or verse) in justification of War.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset, for the following:

JUGGERNAUT.

The ear of Civilization
  Is bent to the earth to meet
The far-off faint vibration
  Of manifold marching feet;
For despite the prohibition
  Of Order, Commerce and Law,
We are slaves of the old superstition,
  We bow to the Idol of War!

The ancient creeds may perish,
  And fade in oblivion's night,
But still we blindly cherish
  The Ritual of Might;
And bound by the old obsession
  Of mingled desire and fear,
We join in the frenzied procession,
  For the God in the Car draws near!

In the grip of primeval forces
  We struggle and fight and pray,
'Neath the hoofs of the plunging horses
  Of Terror and Triumph, we sway;
We are drunk with the dream of glory,
  And the mirage of fame afar—
Though the pathway be steep and gory
  "Make way for the Juggernaut-Car!"

Ruthless, remote, relentless,
  He smiles as in bygone years,
Though the flowers we fling are scentless
  And wet with the women's tears;
And we rush for the foremost places
  In a murderous Marathon,
Where, steeped in blood to its traces,
  The Juggernaut-Car rolls on!

Be it Faith or Fanaticism
  We are ready to pay the price,
Be it Pride or "Patriotism"
  Our lives are the sacrifice—
The ideals of young ambition
  Are as though they had never been
Crushed—mangled beyond recognition
  By the wheels of the War-machine!

We celebrate Civilization
  By passionate pageants of Pain;
In vain is our justification
  The pitiless question of Cain,
"Am I my brother's keeper?"—
  Ask those who lie at the last
As wheat in the track of the reaper,
  Where the Juggernaut-Car has passed!

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

We also select for printing:

AT LOW TIDE.

Not only in the great transcendent hour,
  But in the stress and strife of little things.
Not only in the moments full of power,
  But in dark days, when no bird sings,
  Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

Not when we drink the brimming cup of life;
  But when the nerves are shattered and awry,
And angry words stir angrier words of strife,
  Hear then, we pray, our supplicating cry,
  "Be with us, Jesu, Lord."

And when the soul lies dreary, and as bare
  As mud flats when the swelling tide recedes,
Ugly and waste, with foulness everywhere,
  And a cold wind shivers among the weeds,
  Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

Come like the ocean when it turns again,
  And hastens, like a lover, to the shore.
Brim every little crevice of the brain,
  And of the soul, with healing evermore.
  Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

(Thomas Alexander King, 94, Greenhill Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

THE HOLIDAY.

My soul went forth in green and gold,
  It was a holiday.
In light and blossoms was she crowned,
  The month was May.
The soul was blithe, I heard her sing,
  As she went down the way.

"Let us be glad because the earth
  Is new with youth and song;
Let us be glad that we are fair,
  And that the day is long.
O, let us dance, since right and love
  Have triumphed over wrong."

It was the twilight when my soul
  Came silent, home to me.
Her frock was rent from hem to ruche,
  There was no light to see.
Below the tattered crown her eyes
  Wept bitterly.

"Why come you weeping from the feast?"
  Unto my soul I said.
"Bring me," quoth she, "my cloak of gray,
  The gray hood for my head.
Bring me my robe of work and tears,
  The holiday is dead.

" For some will sing and others dance,
Nor see the sun drop low;
They do not hear above their joy,
The voice that bids me go.
The cloak of gray was made for me,
But why I do not know."

(Hortense Flexner, 948, S. Second St., Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

Of the very large number of other lyrics received, we select for special commendation the best forty which are sent by Eva McDonough (Streatham Common), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Stuart Robertson (Glasgow), Miss R. D. Power (St. Andrew's), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), G. M. Clive (Birmingham), Margaret I. Postgate (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), May Walpole-Smith (Luton), Wilfred Hales (Taunton), Edna M. Theilmann (Hull), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), Alice Shirley Willis (St. Louis, U.S.A.), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Esther M. Downie (Knutsford), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), D. Lodge (Manchester), Mary Ives (Nottingham), L. A. Ferguson (Clydebank), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), H. Baxter (Neath), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), A. W. Winston (Cardiff), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), Miss E. A. Burton (Carlisle), Russell Green (Sheffield), Hester Viney (Swanage), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Mrs. Alex. M. Reid (Motherwell), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), S. N. Veitch (Durham), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. W. L. Saunt, of 42, Stanford Road, Kensington, W., for the following:

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED BACK. By M. HAMILTON. (Stanley Paul.)

" A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."
WORDSWORTH.

We also select for printing:

ONCE A WEEK. By A. A. MILNE. (Methuen.)

" He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Brighton.)

GERMAN COOKERY FOR THE ENGLISH TABLE. By Mrs. EDITH SIEPEN. (Stanley Paul.)

" We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *L'Envoi.*

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Long.)

" The reason why, I cannot tell,
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."
Old English Rhyme.

(Mrs. C. J. Mordaunt, 56, Hanson Street, Adelaide, S. Australia.)

THE LOST TRIBES. By G. A. BIRMINGHAM. (Smith, Elder.)

" Leave them alone and they'll come home."
Nursery Rhyme, Little Bo-Peep.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines embodying the feelings of a competitor who is awarded a prize after trying so many times that he had almost given up in despair, is awarded to Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, for the following:

The Shippen.
From "A Farm in Creamland," by Charles Garvice.

" O, Robert Bruce, what *is* the use?" Thus, monthly, my position.
But now my name burns like a flame—I've won a competition!
With leaps and bounds my heart redounds, my outlook now is wider:
I sit me down, flushed with renown, to eulogise that spider!

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. C. J. Mordaunt, of 56, Hanson Street, Adelaide, South Australia, for the following:

WHERE THE STRANGE ROADS GO DOWN. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In this book we have an old theme with a new setting. The wearisome problem—two men and one woman—is here treated in a refreshingly common-sense, and yet delightfully romantic and attractive manner. A woman who is over thirty, ten years married, who says "Damn!"—in the presence of a Bishop—when she burns her mouth with hot soup, and is yet intensely lovable and feminine, is an uncommon heroine; and the way in which she faces her supreme temptation, and conquers it, forms a welcome departure from the usual "mawky" treatment by modern writers of the problem novel.

We also select for printing:

TANSY. By TICKNER EDWARDES. (Hutchinson.)

The name of the book typifies its chief charm—namely, the atmosphere of open-air life, which pervades it throughout, and makes it a pleasure to the town-dweller to read. The human story is not new, but the scenes in which it is developed are so wholesome and health-bringing that even the sordid points are somewhat mitigated by the fresh rusticity of its setting. The writer of the story is able to arouse great sympathy with those whose lives he so vividly portrays, and one cannot but admire the "she-clergyman" who plays the part of Providence to so many.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

THE RENAISSANCE OF MOTHERHOOD. By ELLEN KEY. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This Swedish woman, whose mind is *en rapport* with all the modern movements, possesses an old-fashioned wisdom and sanity which puts her on a par with our great grandmothers. Indeed she combines common-sense with a wonderful insight into the real bearings of some latter-day problems. Delving beneath the surface, she finds the norm and holds it up for our edification. In this latest book she considers such vexed questions as individualism versus altruism, the double standard and eugenics. To those who are perplexed by the complications of modern life her book will prove helpful.

(Hilda Ridley, 427, Prospect Avenue, Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by R.W. King (Catford), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), M. H. A.

Jewell (New Malden), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), Peggy Grant (Burnley), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), John Boylan (Glasgow), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Miss A. M. Davis (Cheadle Hulme), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Kate E. Samuels (London, W.C.), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Borgue).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

BY G. S. LAYARD.

MANY besides the present writer must have marvelled why it was that a full-dress biography of Walter Bagehot has been so long delayed. Bagehot, of whom Mr. Birrell wrote in *Obiter Dicta*, "he carried away with him into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three estates of the realm"; Bagehot, of whom Lord Bryce, comparing him with Montesquieu and Tocqueville, wrote: "We feel in him the power of an intellect altogether to be compared even with that of the earlier and greater of these two illustrious men. . . . Whenever he touched anything he brought up a crop of new ideas on a subject that had seemed trodden hard, just as a shower of rain in the South African Karoo will bring up grass and flowers"; Bagehot, of whom it may be said not only that he was one of the greatest essayists who ever lived, but that in his own line of essay-writing he stood alone; Bagehot to whom statesmen and politicians of all parties appealed, until, without any recognised position other than that of his own outstanding and penetrating intellect, he came to be recognised as a sort of unofficial supplementary Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why, then, was it that, in these days, when even mediocre men are scarcely cold in their graves before a new terror is added to death for them, twenty-seven years were to elapse before we were to learn the life story of this rare, this uniquely interesting personality? The answer is this. It was necessary that the stage should be cleared of all his nearest relations before such a record were attempted, because of the periodical insanity to which his brilliant and beautiful mother was subject. This was the tragedy that underlay his life, a tragedy that entered into his soul, yet a tragedy which, had he not had to suffer the pain of it, might have left the most admirable qualities of his nature undeveloped. Indeed, not the least interesting and pathetic passages in this book deal with the manner in which he met the conditions forced into his life by this calamity. Endowed with brilliant vivacity, a genius for friendship and for shining amongst all who were intellectually and socially of the best, he yet never sought enjoyment at the expense of any help he could give his father in his family trial, never spared himself any tittle of attendance on and affection towards the poor sufferer herself, and, when she came to die, was so stunned by the loss of her who had filled so great a space in his life for joy and pain that he declared: "The *worst* of it is that by many it is looked on as a relief"; and for months after found his health seriously affected by the loss he had sustained.

This, then, has been the cause of the long postponement of his biography, a postponement which has not been without its advantage if thereby the writing of it has fallen into the capable hands of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell Barrington.* For she has given us a lively picture of a man of exceptional character, gifts and personality which will long live in the memory, a man who, finding work more amusing than pleasure, was always "at play with his mind," and made others join in the game to their infinite delight, whose boyish lightheartedness was never quenched by the profundity of his thoughts, to whom every study, however difficult, was as delightfully stimulating as it was interesting, whose ingenuity and fertility of resource never seemed "to come to a dead wall or obstacle over which he could not vault or round which he could not steer." This is no biography of scandal, because there was nothing of the sort to be found in his life. He was a genius, but neither neurotic nor erratic. He was as good and sane as he was clever, and had as much sound common sense as he had uncommon imagination and invention. There was nothing that needed concealing about him, save the tragedy that has now been recorded. It might be written of him as was written of another:

> "Each thought was visible that rolled within,
> As through a case the figured hours are seen;
> And heaven did this transparent veil provide
> Because he had no evil thought to hide."

And yet the book is of enthralling interest, wholesome and stimulating in the highmindedness and simplicity of its protagonist, making for emulation to all who wish to live high and noble lives. Probably to most people Bagehot's name spells merely "The Dreary Science," for he stands labelled as a great Political Economist; but let them read his books, and they will find that Romance and Beauty can enter even into that. For he brought the alertest brain and the surest literary gifts to the prosecution of a fascinating subject, fascinating, that is to say, when regarded clear-sightedly and at first hand, and not through other people's clouded spectacles. Not that he confined himself to writing on the Dreary Science. Those who have not the courage to follow him in his "Economic Studies" should turn to his "Biographical and Literary Studies," his "English Constitution," his "Estimates of Some Englishmen and Scotchmen," and so find stimulus and refreshment in the very highest degree.

And yet, when all is said and done, Walter Bagehot was himself much greater than his books, and those who do not read Mrs. Barrington's book have only to thank themselves for not being brought into touch with one of the outstanding Englishmen of the Victorian era, and learning from him how to be better, kinder and nobler men and women themselves.

* "Life of Walter Bagehot." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

New Books.

LONDON ORIGINS AND RELICS.*

Sir Laurence Gomme has devoted his new book to the development of that theory of the organic and spiritual continuity of the City of London from Roman times, which he incidentally touched upon in his "Governance of London." He is an enthusiast of this idea, which permits him to declare that London is to-day more Roman than Rome:

"There is no city in Europe which has preserved its historical continuity so faithfully as London has preserved hers—not Lyons, Trier, Nîmes, Arles, Turin, not Paris, or even Rome herself. If these are continuous by actual occupation; if they show remains of the forum, the bath, the theatre, or even the temple; they show no continuity of historical influences—they are not constitutionally continuous. They may possess here and there a municipal rite, a social custom, but they never reveal their original position as a city-state of the Roman Empire. Their mediæval history is wholly municipal and never contributory to the formation or the government of the State. This, on the contrary, is what London reveals throughout the ages, the something more which is always present.

Sir Laurence Gomme's first task is obviously to maintain the physical survival of London, as a town, and its moral survival, as an institution, through the century of complete darkness which followed the Roman evacuation of Britain, and then through the very dimly-seen times which open the Saxon period. Freeman, Stubbs, Palgrave, Maitland, and the rest hold that London was created by the Saxons on the site and upon the ruins of Londinium. Sir Laurence, interpreting the facts in his own way, and extracting support from their various admissions, says that Roman London saved its soul alive, and never lost the power to stand apart, to dictate terms, to bargain, and to yield at discretion. It is admitted that we have no account of any Saxon devastation of London. He points out that in London the Saxon folk-moot was not a success. It could shout and protest, but the mandarins of the Guildhall had the last word, and in the end the moot itself came under the Guildhall roof. The Anglo-Saxon kings governed from outside the city. In a word, Anglo-Saxon power "could not penetrate into London." What was this immovable morale within the old Roman walls? Sir Laurence says, and maintains with a variety of fascinating proofs, that it was the unbroken Roman spirit and polity. He does not mean that actual Roman and Saxon blood were in conflict, but, as he has it in his "Governance of London," the successors to Roman ways and policy, whether Saxon, Celtic, or Danish, "fought for the system which they preferred to live under as strongly as they would have done if they had been inheritors of it from a long line of ancestors."

I think that Sir Laurence Gomme's arguments for the organic survival of Roman London will tax historians to refute them. But his insistence that this Roman spirit has remained visible and characteristic down through the centuries, and has expressed itself in all the City's struggles, even in the stand which Beckford and Wilkes made against the House of Commons in the eighteenth century, and in the enrolment of the C.I.V.'s in our own time, seems excessive and rather fantastic. It merges at last in his welcome to a new era in which "the highest type of the self-governing unit will be the city, not the nation." In short, his theory becomes more ethereal as it descends in time, and tends to evaporate in dream. But the argument and the dream are both fine.

People who have a mania for Druidism will enjoy Mr. E. O. Gordon's book, which places no obstacles in the way of imagining great Druid rites and congregations on the sites of our sordid streets and suburbs. But unbiassed readers will hastily don the whole armour of scepticism when they alight on such calm assumptions as this: "On the highest ground on the western hillock, where St. Paul's now stands, might have been seen silhouetted against the sky, the mighty unhewn monoliths of the Druidic circle, the seat of the Arch-Druid of Caer Troia."

As a consumer of New River drinking water, I am interested to learn that the reservoir on Pentonville Hill is the site of a Druidical sanctuary, but I should like better proof than Mr. Gordon's summary derivation of "Pentonville" from "Pen-head, Ton-sacred mound." We are grandly told that the spot is "never known, even at the present day, by other than its Keltic title." True, but if Mr. Gordon did not look at London through Druidical spectacles, he would know that the name Pentonville is about 150 years old, and perpetuates not the sacred "Penton" of the Druids, but the name of a respectable Clerkenwell landowner, one Henry Penton, who died in 1812.

Similarly, we are told that the memory of the Druidic College in London, where lived the Guardians of the Circle, survives in the name of College Street, near Cannon Street Station. Poor Dick Whittington! The higher criticism has already deprived him of his cat, and now his College is given to the Druids.

Mr. Harthill's "Recollections of Newton House" is a pleasant and useful record of the old home of Sir Isaac Newton in St. Martin's Street, which Londoners have just allowed to be destroyed. It gives lively pictures, with a bias to pleasant traditions rather than to historical scrutiny, of the house which its later tenants, the Burneys, venerated for Newton's sake and loved for their own. Mr. Harthill seems content to accept the story of Newton's observatory on the roof, but it is doubtful whether it was ever used by him. According to Timbs, it was built later by a Frenchman, who showed it as Newton's. This Frenchman's name was Paul Dominique, and his tenancy fell between Newton's and Dr. Burney's. Tom Taylor says that he fitted up the instruments. The observatory finally disappeared about fifty years ago.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

* "London." By Sir Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)—"Prehistoric London: Its Mounds and Circles." By E. O. Gordon. With Appendices, by the Rev. John Griffith. (Elliot Stock.)—"Recollections of Newton House." By the Rev. Isaac Harthill, F.R.G.S. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.)

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.*

This short book is of the highest interest, not so much on account of what Brandes has to say of Nietzsche (it is evident, in fact, that he is not the ideal critic of Nietzsche) as on account of the correspondence of the two men which is here reprinted in full. (It is the correspondence which appeared some months since in *The English Review*.) These letters of mutual esteem, mutual distrust of mankind, and of mutual disillusioning experience, give a strange and intimate glimpse of two remarkable men, and of the state of European "culture" in the 'eighties. They all belong to the last year (1887–8) of Nietzsche's conscious life, but it is not, indeed, till the very end that the shadow of his approaching insanity darkens the brilliant concentration of Nietzsche's thoughts. Acute megalomania was apparent in the last letter but one, and in the final letter of all, a letter piteous in its mad brevity and signed "The Crucified," the blow has already fallen, the light is obscured for ever. No one will be able to read these letters without being moved by their sincerity, their bitterness, and the thought of the swift approaching doom. They began by Brandes writing to Nietzsche to thank him for a gift of some of his books. Soon the two men were in the closest and most friendly correspondence. They were not always in agreement, but they always felt a mutual

* "Friedrich Nietzsche." By George Brandes. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Charles Garvice.

From a portrait in oils, painted by A. D. McCormick, R.I., and presented to Mr. Garvice by the members of the Authors' Club, of which he is Chairman of Committee.

respect amounting almost to reverence. The radical-minded Brandes and the aristocratic-minded Nietzsche met upon a common basis of hatred for smug convention and present-day German culture. They lashed out upon a heavy, indifferent world and reaped a similar harvest of poisonous misunderstanding and opposition. In all, twenty-two letters seem to have passed between them. They make up 35 out of the 117 pages of this book.

The remainder of the volume consists of four articles on Nietzsche by Brandes, written in 1889, 1899, 1900, 1909. They are, of course, suggestive up to a point, but, like so much of Brandes' work, they will not appeal particularly to the reader of to-day. Brandes has the theories of an older school, though he has retained a praiseworthy youth through the continued activity of his mind. He belongs to a type of critic, common enough everywhere, who is inherently attracted by new things and inherently incapable of really appreciating them. (Possibly this is going too far.) The most attractive criticisms actually occur in the letters (note particularly a curious discussion in regard to Dostoievsky in Nos. 18, 19, 20), where the play of Brandes' old-fashioned but very vigorous mind is opposed to Nietzsche's lightning-flashes. But, indeed, it is only fair to say that throughout the whole book Brandes writes with acuteness, with comprehension, and with chivalrous warmth. True, it is one European celebrity writing of another in the final essays, but in the first it is a European celebrity writing of an unknown man.

But of Nietzsche, himself, this book is obviously an inadequate criticism. For he is one of those forces who seem to excite people into writing explanatory works that do no more than excite their readers to write other works, still more explanatory. O curious irony! Cannot Nietzsche be left to speak for himself—which is what all esoteric philosophers really desire! The flood of Nietzschean literature is terrific, enormous, overwhelming—and, in the end, mystifying. Let us read his works and ignore the critics. And probably that is what most of his readers are doing. For he is, notoriously, one of those writers who seem to have a personal message for each sympathetic listener. One may suspect that everyone who studies Nietzsche has mentally written a book on him. The unfortunate thing is that we know that so many have not only done it in their minds. . . . Nietzsche has become a sort of ninepin which everyone wants either to bolster up or to knock down. He has become a sort of touchstone by which people test their own personality.

RICHARD CURLE.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.*

Ian Hay's stories are always a blend of humour and romance; sometimes romance predominates, usually the blend is so even that the very romance is half humorous, and the humour half romantic. In his new book, "A Knight on Wheels," humour has it nearly all its own way; now a shrewd humour of characterisation, and now a genial humour of dialogue or incident that at intervals runs off into irresponsible, irresistible burlesque. Uncle Joseph is a delightfully quaint creation: an early disappointment in love has made him a confirmed woman-hater; he has ample private means, but for the sake of the excitement, and probably with some dim idea of avenging himself on mankind, he has set up as a begging-letter writer, and by the use of various aliases and various addresses wheedles money out of the charitable which he devotes to charitable objects, but not to the absurd ones for which it was given. Philip, his little nephew, is his amanuensis, writes all those letters under his directions, and has become so naturally subdued to the business that he is not conscious of its being wrong or particularly discreditable. A chance meeting with a pretty girl of about his own age first puts a doubt about it into his mind, for despite the fear and dislike of the other sex that his uncle has instilled in him he finds himself curiously attracted to the piquant small Peggy, otherwise Pegs, in whom he diffidently confides, and who undertakes to get enlightenment from her mother concerning the truth of Uncle Joseph's dreadful indictment of women.

But the plot is not one to be crudely outlined. It is an airy, graceful, happy story that gives ample scope to Ian Hay's ingenuity in the invention of amusing incidents and charmingly sentimental interludes. You will miss some pleasant things if you fail to make acquaintance with Uncle Joseph, Miss Jennings, or the eccentric Mr. Mablethorpe and his amazing motor-car, Boanerges, which he describes as his "superb, four-seated, two-cylinder, one dog-power reaping machine." In explaining the mechanism of it, he assures Philip that

> "This car was designed by a man without hands or arms—only feet and teeth. At least, I think so. His idea was to steer with his teeth and do everything else with his feet. So he started by abolishing gear-handles and side-brakes, and applied all his ingenuity to the pedals. Look at this one—the left. If I push it half down the car stops. If I push it two-thirds down the car starts again—in the opposite direction—and the engine plays 'I wish I was an Angel,' instead of Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture,' as at present. If I push it seven-eighths down the radiator boils over, and I can have a shave or a cup of tea, and if I put it right down the car turns inside out and becomes a portable camp bedstead."

If you miss Timothy Rendle, you miss another good thing; and if you miss Peggy you miss one of the most tantalising and lovable of heroines.

Philip is the Knight on Wheels. He has a genius for mechanics, develops into a masterly manager of an automobile manufactory, and proves a capital hero of one of the liveliest, most daintily sentimental, amusingly romantic stories of love and commerce that anyone could desire.

* "A Knight on Wheels." By Ian Hay. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE SCOTTISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.*

It is possible to admire the vivacity, the cogency and the trenchancy with which Mr. Evan Macleod Barron describes "The Scottish War of Independence," and yet to regret the needlessly controversial tone which he adopts through the greater part of his narrative. An author who commences his work with the following sentence: "In this book I claim to have presented for the first time an accurate and understandable narrative of the Scottish War of Independence," is not only challenging the reviewer, he is trespassing on the reviewer's ground. And when he can find no other way of signifying his dissent from an opinion expressed by a rival historian than by remarking: "For this sort of stuff it is difficult to have anything but contempt," he is scarcely conciliating the good opinion of his readers. Mr. Barron, indeed, has not yet caught the proper temper in which history should be presented. He writes like a pamphleteer or a lawyer; he is apt to exaggerate the value of facts which support his contentions, and to brush aside those which conflict with them. He claims, for instance—and, we think, claims very fairly—"to have proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the War of Independence was the achievement of Celtic Scotland, and especially of the northern part of Celtic Scotland." But when he argues that "Teutonic Scotland—Lothian—had neither lot nor part in the Scots' long struggle for freedom," he conveniently ignores the resistance offered by Berwick to Edward I. at the very commencement of the war. Again, he makes out a very valid excuse for Bruce's readiness to break or to take an oath, by pointing out, first of all, that an oath taken to the usurping Edward was an oath taken under pressure, and was, therefore, not binding; and, secondly, that Bruce was no enthusiast for Scottish liberty, but a very practical adventurer, who had the double task to perform of expelling the English, and of making himself king. But, when he wants to make his hero bulk larger by sharing Wallace's halo, Bruce must

* "The Scottish War of Independence." By Evan Macleod Barron. 16s. net. (Nisbet.)

perforce become an arrant sentimentalist. After pointing out the gulf between the first six months of 1305, when Bruce was in high favour with Edward I., and the last six, when he was evidently regarded with suspicion, Mr. Barron has the *naïveté* to ask:

"Can any reasonable doubt remain that that gulf was caused by the capture, the mock trial, and the cruel death of William Wallace—the man who had fought manfully and with singleness of purpose for his country's freedom, the man who had never bowed his knee to Edward or owned him as King, the man who had been, on occasion, to some extent at least, an associate of Bruce, and the man on whose powerful assistance Bruce was doubtlessly counting when the time should come for him to strike that blow for the independence of Scotland to which he had long been committed, and of which intention Wallace was almost certainly cognisant?"

Apart, however, from this lapse into romanticism, Mr. Barron's analysis of Bruce's career is a brilliant, closely argued, and a really plausible example of historical reconstruction. Most historians have missed the clue to Bruce's tergiversations, through accepting as definitive Mr. Bain's provisional dates. Mr. Barron subjects them to an exhaustive examination, and contrives to make such a revision of them as enables him to prove quite conclusively that Bruce fought strenuously against Edward until the feud between himself and the Comyns came to a head, that on the renewal of the war he fought on the side of England, until the downfall of the Comyns was complete, and that immediately thereafter he began to plot with Bishop Lamberton to gain the Crown of Scotland for himself. Next to Mr. Barron's defence of Bruce, as an example of real research we should place the account of Andrew de Moray's campaign in Moray, which is given in Chapters IV. to VII. This story of a hitherto little known rising, a rising the success of which "caused Wallace to leave the recesses of Selkirk forest, and to make common cause with the north-eastern counties," makes a real addition to the knowledge of Scottish history.

THE NOVELIST'S ATTITUDE.*

It is a notable comment upon the state of the modern novel that only two of these very representative books depend upon exciting their readers. The others aim at something else. Mr. Stacpoole (who sometimes seems to wish also to instruct us) and Mr. Gilchrist are the two novelists who deal in shocks and sensations; all our other authors propose to illumine problems of conduct by means of the criticism of manners. Miss Rhoda Broughton salts her comedy with an unhappy ending; Mr. Fletcher, perhaps half-unconsciously, poses us with the barrenness of career; Miss Syrett pursues her later method of satirical corrosion; and Mr. Booth Tarkington shows us the human boy in relation to his peers and his hereditary enemies. All these novelists, then, with the two exceptions already named, are engaged in describing for us, at a little distance from the fray, something which is not very much unlike our own experience of life. They are showing it to us simplified rather than heightened, with criticism rather than with fondness. They design to criticise manners, and, by innuendo, as it were, to criticise conduct.

Miss Syrett, let us say, really wishes us to understand that institutes for the poor, besides being unappreciated, are also powerful temptations to their organisers; but her view goes beyond that thesis, and embraces the facts that some highly-educated girls are foolish, and that neglectful mothers with feminist fads are not women to respect. These things she shows us indirectly, by suggestion, by creating the people for us in their native hideousness and absurdity. Miss Broughton, also criticising life and affairs by the indirect means of satire, is bent upon proving the unwisdom of solemn promises made to dying persons. In any case, I think Miss Broughton would say, a vow is a foolish enough thing; but one that is irrevocable is twenty times as foolish. Incidentally, Miss Broughton satirises vigorously the pretences and futilities of the aged; as well as the inquisitive and rather domineering young woman of to-day who comes visiting at all the most inconvenient moments in life. In Miss Broughton's book, also, then, the note of criticism is the dominant note. Criticism, not acceptance of things as they are, of things that used to be regarded as immune from criticism.

Mr. Fletcher, in tracing the career of a business man from youth to the epitaph upon his tomb, allows himself a little cynicism, as well as a good deal of criticism; and, in being just, remains upon the cold side of justice too persistently to thaw completely our indifference to his protagonist. Mr. Fletcher is preoccupied with the case of a self-made man whose hard will procures his rise to fortune and local eminence. In this aspect, as in some others, the book pursues the road of least resistance. Much better is the suggestion of the life of a Yorkshire town. That is admirably preserved. Over the contrasted "heroes" the angel of criticism has too blightingly passed for their continued vitality.

Mrs. Stockley, whose novel is a book of short stories, has also a good many criticisms to make, of male chastity, of travelling in South Africa, and the like; but Mrs. Stockley's main business is hardly satire so much as the accomplished use of well-recognised conventions as they affect stories of the British Colonies—thwarted love, heroism in spite of all, kisses that hurt, the dreadful significance of opportunity. In contrast is Mr. Booth Tarkington, who is persistently satirical, whose whole manner is packed with a sort of nonsensical *double entente*, and whose work is one of the jolliest books that I have read for a very long time.

Of Mr. Stacpoole and Mr. Gilchrist there is a different tale to tell. Mr. Stacpoole is busy with French history, with a duel between Choiseul and Madame Dubarry. He is also busy with the escapades of a reckless young nobleman, with the intricacies of the Parisian police service of that day, and with the personal adventures of one of the police detectives. Mr. Stacpoole, in fact, has many strings to his bow. He does not depend upon his manner, which is businesslike and even at times explanatory; but instead of tricking us with the ordinary braggart romanticism of historical novels, he honestly keeps to his lively incidents, and seems excellently to combine the attractivenesses of Dumas and Gaboriau. Mr. Gilchrist gives us a "shocker" about a homicidal maniac, two other persons not wholly sane, a cripple, a profligate, two heroic young gentlemen of estate, and two forlorn hand-wringing maidens. Mr. Gilchrist is such a very good novelist that it is a disappointment to find him serving up such fare. That he does it well I need hardly say. He does it with bewildering rapidity and intricacy. But such intricacy leaves Mr. Gilchrist without proper opportunities for the employment of his genuine talent.

In some ways Miss Syrett's new book is also rather a disappointment. Some of Miss Syrett's recent work has been of such exceedingly high quality—to mention only "Anne Page" and "Oliver L. Carew"—that so slight a story as "The Jam Queen" does not compare favourably with it. Much of the book is marked with all the deftness of Miss Syrett's skill in creating people and households of unmistakable reality. There are many excellent passages. But Miss Syrett really ought to be warned that the facetious young man Stream is a deplorable person; and the Jam Queen herself is drawn with a hand that is too heavy. Underneath all the superficial brightness of the book, there is an unaccountable air of strain which is rare in Miss Syrett's work.

Miss Broughton, in her amazingly fresh manner, shows us with greater delicacy a party of people fully as queer as those drawn by Miss Syrett. All those parts of the book which relate to the young woman who makes the vow, and the young man whom she vows, with such dreadful consequences, not to

* "The Jam Queen." By Netta Syrett. (Methuen).—"Concerning a Vow." By Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul.)—"Wild Honey." By Cynthia Stockley. (Constable.)—"Monsieur de Rochefort." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.)—"Under Cover of Night." By R. Murray Gilchrist. (John Long.)—"Both of this Parish." By J. S. Fletcher. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Penrod." By Booth Tarkington. (Hodder & Stoughton) 6s. each.

marry, are stiff and unbelievable. All those parts of the book, on the other hand, in which Miss Broughton exercises her genuinely adorable wit, are as good and as quietly effective as they could be. Again and again, in reading, one is reminded of Jane Austen, the highest compliment I can pay. There is the same shrewd, cool, merry perception; and if the overhearings and interruptions are too frequent and altogether too fortuitous to bear examination,-that is a matter which does not impair the excellence of Miss Broughton's impalement of character. It is a minor technical blemish.

The fault of Mr. Booth Tarkington's new book, which is as different as possible from "Monsieur Beaucaire" and much better than "Monsieur Beaucaire," is that it is episodic. It depends upon the interest of each page to carry the reader absorbed from page 1 to page 305. But then so did "Tom Sawyer," and so do all the other books which attempt to set forth the character of a small boy. It would be impossible to write a truthful book about a boy which was not episodic. The great point about Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod" is that it does succeed in amusing the reader continuously. One laughs at Penrod's extraordinary, convincing manuscript romance; one laughs at Penrod's innumerable adventures; and one does not tire of laughing, because Mr. Tarkington is all the time writing good comedy, with restraint and understanding. His method is quiet, able, and profoundly critical. He sympathises wholly with Penrod, with Duke, and Penrod's father, and Penrod's friends. I think that of its kind "Penrod" is an exceptionally good book; and I hope it will amuse English people in large numbers.

It is sometimes said that when the novel is critical it is arid. That no doubt is to some extent true. It is possibly true that we recognise in some of these books a defect, a poverty of theme, which is not to be observed in the best novels of any age. But in the best modern work there is the same subtle acid of criticism, the homage emotion pays to ideas. You cannot depict a *milieu* without criticism; you cannot simplify the confused life of a family or a section of the modern community without selection, which is criticism in action. When one recognises that in these novels criticism is dominant one is noting the presence in each of an intellectual quality, of an independent judgment. By criticism of manners, they are putting fresh valuations upon conduct; and so they are continuing the English tradition and most admirably relating conduct to much larger issues than those of personal expediency. Novels have ceased to be stories, they have ceased to be sermons; they are now, as it were, our consciences. And so long as they remain as amusing as the novels I have been praising they are fulfilling a very worthy function in our daily life.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

MAXIM GORKY.*

I have always preferred Gorky to the other great Russians, because he is the simplest, the sanest, and in some ways the profoundest of them all. He is not so exquisite an artist as Turgéneff, not so massive or so transcendental a moralist as Tolstoi, or so acute, so questing a psychologist as Dostoieffsky. And he depends, too, I think, more on the individual taste, the individual attitude of his reader than do his fellow-countrymen. He is the sort of artist who stimulates violent antipathies or excitable appreciation. He is satisfying to me, because he has something of the universal quality, something of the power to transfigure the rough needs and emotions of his peasants into a synthesis of the inarticulate aspirations of the human race. And his treatment of humanity is akin to that of Villon, Chaucer, and the great "popular" artists and poets. That is to say, his motive is human nature, without the sophistications, the veneer, the prejudices, the material interests which a complex civilisation imposes upon the simple human groundwork of life. His passionate sympathy with types that convention and respectability have cast into the outer darkness of social ostracism is the natural result of this treatment, as well as of his political convictions. For he goes to them to discover precisely those fundamental, those world's qualities, which the responsibilities of civilisation have complicated or ossified. He is a realist in the best sense of the term, not in the sense that he holds up the microscope to life, but because his frank, luminous and concrete genius grasps, in a far deeper manner than a more subtly imaginative artist would do, the more elemental issues "of man, of nature and of human life." His sense of power is never a conscious, elaborate superstructure, but, as form should be, in perfect unison with his feeling and atmosphere. With him, literary artifice is always in the background; his artistic purpose is too sweeping to allow him to dally among the flowers and graces of literary experiment.

This new volume of studies, partly of Italian, partly of Russian life, comes, therefore, as a surprise. For they represent a new quality in Gorky's art, diametrically opposed to the methods one expects from him. Most of these sketches are very slight—*vignettes* of village life, allegories, fantasies, fables and literary excursions of all kinds. They are a surprise, because in them Gorky has become not only a fastidious and delicate, but a deliberate craftsman—a highly-skilled workman in precious metals. It is not that his attitudes or effects are changed, but his way of approaching them. And this is well indicated by his use of irony. In the Russian stories, which—with the exception of "Man and the Simplon," a picture of the contact between man and nature, full of essential truth, and "Love of Lovers," which has a unique tenderness of its own—are better than the Italian ones, this irony has become a conscious force, directly invoked. It has become a tool in Gorky's literary workshop. But in his former works, the irony which was spread over it, like a great canopy, was the consequence rather than the cause of his art. It was implied in it; it was its inevitable texture. But in these Russian sketches, irony has assumed the first place. It has become explicit, where before it was implicit in his manner. From the literary point of view, this new volume is within its very limited area quite perfect. It contains no artistic flaws, no inadequacy of treatment, no bungling or hesitation. But you miss the breadth, the universality of Gorky's earlier achievement. With the exception of "The Professor," "The Liberal," "The Man with a National Face," "The Jews and their Friends," "Hard to Please," and a few others, whose astringent satire has a wider significance, you feel that these sketches are more of a sally, a recreation, than the serious work of a great, a passionately sincere artist. Charmingly imaginative, beautifully wrought as they are, they give very little impression of that play of world-forces he gives us in "The Lower Depths" for instance. And if we ask much of him, it is because he is one of the very few people whose reputation is thoroughly deserved. The translation (why should not the name of the translator be given?) is certainly unworthy the subject. It is rather clumsy and ineffectual. What, for instance, is the meaning of "obituary feast?"

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

* "Tales of Two Countries." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

THE ART AND CRAFT OF LETTERS.*

Obviously criticism, like history, has moved some way from the pedagogic. The opening volumes of this new series are not text-books. They offer us neither concise history, clear definition, nor dogmatic guidance. The point of view is rather hinted at than driven home; the analysis is tentative and episodic; the conclusions are based on a note of interrogation.

As Mr. Gretton observes of History, we seem to be "approaching a stale-mate of suspended judgment," and "the more is known, the less the tendency to assert."

* "The Epic." By Lascelles Abercrombie.—"Comedy." By John Palmer.—"History." By R. H. Gretton.—"Satire." By Gilbert Cannan. 1s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

Education, in fact—now that the keys are given to the proletariat—no longer consists in imparting a categorical statement. "Tutors and professors can hardly be said to lecture any more. They bring with them the treasure-house of authorities, and enter with their pupils. Discussion rages, assertion is silenced." We are no longer guided by monks or pedagogues.

Yet, in their own way, our authors can be dogmatic.

Mr. Palmer, indeed, is chiefly concerned in exploding the French theory of wit, which is all intellect, and only exhibited in our own tongue by Congreve and Oscar Wilde. Here "we are no longer men; we are wits and a peruke." And "the advantage of French as a civilised language is that it enables almost anybody to explain the universe in a quarter of an hour"; whereas "an Englishman cannot say what he means; there is no such thing as plain English."

Yet Shakespeare "laughed with his whole soul"; his "figures are not a criticism of life," but "a piece of life imaginatively realised." And if the average Englishman is a fool, he "is one of those d——d fools who are usually right in the end."

Mr. Gretton has taken his subject more seriously. Tracing his subject from its foundation when "the distinction between legend and truth did not exist," until established by Christianity, he leads us, with acute observation, to the historical adventure into the "rational" examination of "popular" problems. Noting the reaction after Green's complete ignoring of pageant, royalty, and the battlefield, he confronts us with Lord Acton's "remarkable profession of belief in the last word." To-day, it would seem, however, that we are actually afraid of history. We demand documents.

It is Mr. Gretton's contention that "the true value of history lies in its training of the mind to estimate evidence, balance assertions, and criticise mental attitudes, in its creation of a capacity for judgment." It must be written backwards and concern itself with the interpretation—by comparison—of contemporary tendencies and events.

But we have left ourselves too little space for Mr. Abercrombie's subtle analysis of "The Epic," grouped round Homer, Virgil, and Milton. He distinguishes between "epic material" and "epic poetry," between the "authentic" and the "literary" epic. Originally illustrating an "Heroic Age," it may recreate history or picture the supernatural; but it must have "significance," which is not allegory, and must be "an affair of evident largeness." The development into the "written" epic, created by Virgil, and the comparatively modern addition of "plot in narrative," are shrewdly noted. Milton's *dualism* of consciousness is observed.

Finally our author can only discover Epic to-day in drama—that is, "Faust" and "The Dynasts"; while for the future he indicates a sequence of odes "of epic significance," expressing as much spirituality "as is possible, in the style of Lucretius and Wordsworth, for subjective symbolism."

Mr. Cannan has discovered in "affectation" the only legitimate subject of satire. He pities the satirist "for he is a poet or a soul well-born who has been parlously out of luck." Swift, the author of "Hudibras," and the author of "Erewhon" are alike unfortunates, whose work is "always the result of chafing." The Greek satire was directed fearlessly against all persons or gods, never against the community. In England "persons are held sacred, while upon the nation and its character abuse may be poured." Because we are more grossly hypocritical than others as a nation, the art has always flourished among us; and "English indifference" has been always spoken by "Scotch reviewers"—hated by Byron and Dr. Johnson.

After the satire that bites came the "adorable nonsense" of Lear and Carroll, which Mr. Belloc has striven after; or the fantasies of Pope and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Mr. Bernard Shaw has taught us "that it is possible to think of things upside down and no great harm be done and the world go on much the same."

The fact is, that "satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world and that so very few are offended with it."

On the other hand, it may not, legitimately, ridicule misfortune or calamity, ugliness, or poverty:

> "None are for being what they are in fault,
> But for not being what they would be thought."

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE OLD AFRICAN HIGHWAY.*

"The Old Transport Road" is a book for the writing of which all of us who have known and loved South Africa must be deeply grateful to the late Mr. Hyatt; while those to whom it is only known in imagination will at least learn to understand the fascination which this great highway exerts over those who have travelled it. Every road teems with romance, but the Great Northern Road of South Africa, reaching ever northward, opened up the Dark Continent, and is now overgrown and deserted, crumbled into great holes, by reason of the coming of the railway, to which the Road was parent. This is assuredly one of those roads of the world that deserve a written record. And Mr. Hyatt has told its story worthily, which is saying much.

His book is a description of trekking, perhaps the finest description of trekking which has ever been written. Readers of "The Old Transport Road" will realise the lure of the Road, which rises above all privations and hardships. They will learn to appreciate the joy of travelling behind your own span of fine oxen, the friendliness and comradeship of the Road, the excitements, the good hunting, and also the troubles, shortage of water, the great mud holes in which a whole wagon may be lost, the tedium of waiting for a river to subside, the sometime horrors of a trading store, and the exceeding wetness of rain. Beyond and behind the very excellent tales of transport-riding is the story of one who, unlike the "Good People in books," did not remain all his life in the profession to which he had been trained. The book contains a good comparison of life in the wilds to the life of the street dweller, not altogether favourable to the latter. Mr. Hyatt tells some excellent animal stories, and gives the reader a good insight into various native characteristics. He tells us of the sorrows of the poor patient oxen, so often untrained, ill-fed and mis-handled, who by their labours in the past have added no small meed to the present prosperity of South Africa. We feel we thoroughly know Amous, the Basuto driver, who loves but two things in the world, cattle and tobacco, and who can tell by a bullock's eyes whether or no he will make a good "front ox"; and Amous who almost worships his "very little cattle indeed." We come to love Biffel, the left-hind ox, and "Peter, the Goat with a White Man's Soul," and many more. The descriptions of nature are excellent, and the book is in many ways one of Mr. Hyatt's best works, written in his own style, incisive and yet imaginative; and through it, reading between the lines, he gives us quite unconsciously a picture of a wonderfully plucky youth, working in a deadly climate, suffering from fever and phthisis, who did not lose his nerve, but instead fought through, and lived to work for Africa.

Were it not that the author's descriptions of men and types are too often coloured by his own dislikes—of which he seems to have no small store—"The Old Transport Road" would be an altogether pleasing book, worthy to rank among the few first-rate books of travel. As it is, scornful remarks against Cecil Rhodes, the Chartered Co., Colonials, the British officers, and even George Meredith, destroy the symmetry, and leave us with the sensation that the writer must have been a somewhat prickly person.

It is a pity Mr. Hyatt is so severe on Colonials, for, as in every other class, there exist good, bad and indifferent specimens, and when one considers the lack of any good

* "The Old Transport Road." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 7s. 6d. (Andrew Melrose.)

educational system in South Africa ten years ago, I think all credit is due to the Colonial for turning out so well as he has done. To compare him with the English Public School boy is a needless irony; for, were the comparison carried to its full extent, the English schools would indeed need to look to their laurels.

All through the book runs a thread of lonely feeling, a regret for the old days which are gone. Yet surely Mr. Hyatt was blessed in having so many good days to remember, and a life which has been broader than the average. The curse of most memories is that they contain nothing which is worth remembering. The book ends on a tragically dramatic note, and by that ending, as by much else in his book, the writer proves conclusively that a road possesses a soul. "The Old Transport Road" is illustrated with quite the best South African photographs we have yet seen.

M. TORIN.

THE SUCCESSORS OF TOLSTOY.*

This very pleasant volume may be taken as an appendix to Melchoir de Vogüé's important work on the Russian novelists recently noticed in these pages. We say appendix rather than continuation, for the present work is much smaller, both in mere bulk and in range of critical power than the Frenchman's classic volume. For English readers, however, the little book has a clear value of its own. De Vogüé's theme is the Russian literature that, nowadays, most English people know something about; he writes of Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoievsky. Serge Persky takes up the wondrous tale where the Frenchman leaves off, and tells us something of the moderns —Tchekov, Korolenko, Veressayev, Gorky, Andreyev, Merejkovsky and Kuprin—these in detail, and more briefly of such actual contemporaries as Artzybashev (whose "Sanin" was recently the best discussed book in Russia), Kamensky, Kouzmine, Sologub and others. This bare recital of names, known and unknown in these islands, may perhaps convey to the reader a better idea of the interest of the present volume than any detailed criticism of its contents.

The author had included here a study of Tolstoy which the translator, preferring to concentrate our attention upon later writers, has omitted. We think he has done well, not, indeed, because Tolstoy has been written about too much, but because he is so colossal that his very name in a book overshadows the others whom we really want to see—these others who, though successors of the mighty, are not mere Epigoni, but have a real authority of their own.

The volume does not call for elaborate discussion. We note with some surprise that, though plays as well as novels are dealt with, no mention is made of Tchekov's now famous "Sea Gull." We dissent, too, from the author's view that Luke, in "The Night Refuge," is one of Gorky's most original creations. Luke is, indeed, a very dear and delightful old fellow; but surely he derives directly from some of Tolstoy's simple souls—from Martin Avdéitch and Elisha Bodrov, to say nothing of Dostoievsky's Myshkin. But these are small details. We commend to our readers this excellent guide to a literature that is now the most significant in Europe.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

BELGIUM.†

All eyes just now are turned towards the small Belgian state whose gallant people are offering such an unexpectedly stubborn and effective opposition to the legions of the German invader. But the stubbornness of that opposition is only unexpected because most of us have

* "Contemporary Russian Novelists." By Serge Persky. Translated from the French by Frederick Eisemann. 3s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

† "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People." By John de Courcy MacDonnell. 15s. net. (John Long.)

Ghent: the Belfry and the Cathedral of Saint Bavou.

From "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People," by John de Courcy MacDonnell (John Long).

little more than a general tourist-knowledge of the country and less of the character of the shrewd, industrious, passionately democratic race that has built up Belgium's power and prosperity and is now spending its lives without stint to hold her honour and her freedom inviolate. Mr. MacDonnell's history of Belgium, its kings, kingdom and people, could not have made its appearance more opportunely. It unfolds lucidly and interestingly the story of the nation's origin, its struggles for independence, always menaced on the one hand by Prussia, on the other by France, until the guarantee of the Powers after the Franco-German War placed it in a position of security and left it free to develop its resources in peace. Fortunately, it did not trust itself entirely to the safeguard of that treaty; it steadily and strenuously prepared itself to protect its borders from aggression—as Germany is now discovering.

Mr. MacDonnell has a close acquaintance with his subject; his work is the outcome of twelve years of continuous life in Brussels, when he made exhaustive researches, collected material and came into touch with public men of every rank, party and calling, who readily assisted him in his enquiries. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the State and of its rulers, of its present King in particular; and if we are not invariably able to share his broad views of the late monarch, to minimise or palliate the Congo atrocities, or to put so much of the blame for them where he seeks to place it, we do not doubt his sincerity nor his real endeavour to look upon these things impartially. Political, industrial and social developments absorb most of his attention; the chapter on the art and literature of the country is rather inadequate. But to all who would know fully and intimately the story of the stormy past through which Belgium has come, the forces that have gone to the making of it, the peculiar genius of its liberty-loving people, we recommend Mr. MacDonnell's able survey unreservedly. It is one of the few books that will be read in this crisis of our history and it will be read with deepest interest. The photographs of places and the numerous portraits (including a beautiful photogravure of King Albert) are excellently reproduced and add much to the book's value.

POEMS AND LEGENDS.*

This is, so far as I know, Mr. Catty's first book. It is nearly four hundred pages long, and includes all kinds of verse. There are stories, of Danaë, Aphrodite, Marpessa, Demeter and Persephone . . . dramatic monologues of Hero to Leander, the King to Agnes Sorel, Mary Stuart to Mary Beaton, of Cæsar Borgia to Machiavelli . . . dramatic lyrics, descriptions and memories, character sketches, personal lyrics. He likes verse, and uses a great variety of forms skilfully, but without novelty, so that rather a large proportion of his work demands a reader who, in the first place, likes verse for its own sake. Such a reader will enjoy the description of summer in London :

" . . . The tranquil, echoing, outdoor voices,
Heard though quietly, clear though distant, borne
Over the short grass, filling at times the Square :
High with iterant words that sound distinctly,
Low with intimate murmurs half divined."

Mr. Catty is sometimes particularly good with his London scenes, as in this suburb one :

" The clear cold and the fresh smell
Of earth—yon vast flame-coloured sky
Of sunset—the dim plain's expanse—
The few leaves' solitary dance
In the keen wind as it flows by—
These things to you are fair and sweet :
The sad suggestion of the street
But a dark foil to joy—the train's
Call, harrowing the lonely plains,
Not desolate, but like the gray
That ushers in the golden day—
Love's morning that begins at night."

But his country is equally good. He has several fishing poems, full of moorland, and of feeling for moorland, and for the tarn where

" Never an angler
Starred with timorous oar the even gloom."

In fact, the best of his narratives is the description. The women are good, but the woods are better. For example, he tells the story of Aphrodite and Anchises. It is a mere exercise. It tells nothing more than everybody knows, that Aphrodite loved Anchises and bore him Æneas. But it is charming when it pictures the woods where Anchises wandered :

" Down glades of russet sprinkling, where on spines
The charmed fern-revel frozen in long lines
Of eddying dance whirls moveless, caught and held,
In fancy rhythm's mid-motion stayed and spelled."

So, too, the best thing in " The King to Agnes Sorel " is the King's wish :

" I would the world were some suave landscape, rimmed
By the far-folding purple of soft hills :
A sunny tract whereon broad rivers roll
'Mong bowered isles, past shores warm to the verge
With olive and the deeply blushing vine.
My station then should be the rising spur
Of a dark steep ; and there I'd live and lean,
A lover of old songs breathed to the lute. . . ."

Nevertheless, in the narrative and dramatic parts everything is so clear and so well done of its kind, that they will provide pretty entertainment for the fit reader, that lover of verse for its own sake.

Mr. Drinkwater's play is like one of his lyrics or narratives divided up, well groomed, well greaved, cleaner and more adventurous-ardent than ever. The hero is a poet who is

" For carving on the grain
Of every intimate day the sovran shape
Of your adventurous will."

He is a magnificent poet and magnificent soldier who leads a rebel army, forsakes them for one night to meet the Queen (a kindred spirit), but returns and triumphs, yet concludes the play by going away alone, refusing the crown. He despises :

" The cunning craft of men
Who think much pitiful hurrying to and fro,
The getting of some straightly forgotten right,
The twisting of laws that govern a yearly day
Swift rigorous life."

He likes the Queen's " good clean cry," her swift decision to come to the rebel leader. He likes inhumanly glorious things, such as

" The peace of the wild hawks among the rocks,"

and :

" The beauty of things made where chaos was,
The starlight on the sickle in the corn."

From Mr. Drinkwater's own ardent liking for these things comes the life in the play. Mr. Drinkwater could dramatise " The Helmet and the Helmet Feather."

At first sight I mistook Miss Macaulay for a half-seriously parodying disciple of Mr. Walter de la Mare. There are, it is true, poems where the mist hanging over her world seems an elfin mist, where an effect like Mr. de la Mare's is produced, but more intellectual, less sensuous. The majority are decidedly more intellectual and less sensuous than Mr. de la Mare's best work. Her world is spoken of in one of her two " Hymns for St. Andrew's Day " :

" The world is like to gossamer, so thin, so light, so pearly pale,
And ever just behind the veil strange joys do wait, faint terrors stir."

Everything in the book, from the whimsical to the most grave, is enacted for the most part in that world. In one poem a bonfire is lit, and someone on one side of it sees someone on the other with eyes narrowed as if :

" In mirth, or pain, or sharp surprise,
Or fear too keen to bear . . .

The lit twigs cracked, the flame put out
A quivering glutton's tongue ;
The cruel beech trees pressed about
To see you burn so young."

The rain falls and destroys the illusion which is almost hallucination :

" The great drops hurrying through the trees
Were like the noise of feet,
As if back through the centuries
A strayed hour beat retreat.
. . . .
I heard you speak from miles away—
A strange, far, hollow sound—
You said it was no use to stay,
The bonfire was quite drowned."

Here you see the world being entered and left again, but in the best poems, such as " The Thief," there is no door visible between the two. In that poem a boy is out stealing apples in an orchard at dawn, and Miss Macaulay borrows from her world to describe that of perhaps many people at dawn and in childhood :

" The thief's feet bruised wet lavender
Into sweet, sharp surprise ;
The orchard, full of pears and joy,
Smiled like a gold sunrise ;
But the blind house stared down on him
With strange, white-lidded eyes.

He stood at the world's secret heart
In the haze-wrapt mystery ;
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,
He supped like a honey-bee ;
But the apples he crunched with sharp, white teeth
Were pungent, like the sea."

When she speaks more for herself she is more difficult, so that, perhaps, she only surrenders the last secret to lovers of haze for haze's sake. But it is a beautiful haze, whether it is morning's or the spirit's.

Mr. Gilbert's is a straightforward rustic note :

" When winter is a drawen' near,
Of all the things to maak yer feel
Contented wi' the time o' year,
Gi' me the pig's expirin' squeal."

I wish I could give it to him, to keep for ever in famous Lincolnshire. How can I hope to understand such a bard ? Dialects are always ticklish. Sometimes it looks

* " Poems and Legends." By Charles Stratford Catty. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—" Rebellion." A Play in 3 Acts. By John Drinkwater. 1s. net. (Nutt.)—" The Two Blind Countries." By Rose Macaulay. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—" Farming Lays." By Bernard Gilbert. Marginal Illustrations by W. S. Lear. 2s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

to me as if most of Barnes were very moderate poetry translated into Dorset. But Mr. Gilbert would be equally good without his dialect. Instead of a gentle poet like Barnes, he is a plain rhymer of common feelings, and I can believe that " on jolly evenings in village and wayside inns, when men were gathered together after their day's work, these little poems were recited and listened to with great gusto."

EDWARD THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

GREYLAKE OF MALLERBY. By W. L. Cribb. 6s. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

It is a leisurely tale that Mr. Cribb has to tell, as garrulous as any spun by the marshmen in the chimney-corner of the dingy tavern at Swilby. The Greylakes have for generations been farmers in the Marsh, and when Epton Greylake goes to London the old standards shake their heads to express disapproval. But if Epton does not turn London upside down he thrives and prospers, and dies famous for his sound advice, printed in a dozen papers, to those about to marry, owner of four large shops, a factory where furniture and pianos are made by Britons for Britons, and controller of the destinies of two hundred men. His son Martin has been educated at a school for gentlemen, and then sent down to Mallerby to become acquainted with the village that was the cradle of his father's greatness. Martin is enamoured of the Marsh, and with his cousin Chris Farron works hard and lives roughly as a farmer, using his wealth discreetly to relieve the urgent needs of his people when his father dies. Perhaps Sybila Easting is responsible for this, but Martin belongs to the type preferring country to city. The old world characters introduced will raise many a smile and tear; old Easting the shepherd, Jesse Sinson the miller and philosopher, Ira Rainey who had his wits and young manhood battered to pieces against the hull of *The Good Intent*, the Healer, and Babbington the broken down artist are simple and charming and human.

MRS. VANDERSTEIN'S JEWELS. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mrs. Charles Bryce has contrived an ably constructed and exceedingly well told detective story. The title " Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels " scarcely does it justice, for one expects a more or less commonplace jewel robbery under such a name; whereas, although the story does indeed concern a jewel robbery, it is by no means a commonplace one. The plot is well thought out and unfolded with great skill, keeping the reader absorbed throughout. Mrs. Vanderstein, a wealthy widow, mysteriously disappears, together with her companion, Miss Barbara Turner. Both ladies have been to the Opera, Covent Garden; they are seen in their box there and are seen leaving the theatre, but no one remembers seeing them after that, and as they do not return home their friends become alarmed; especially as Mrs. Vanderstein was wearing some of her famous jewels on that occasion and foul play is feared. The reader is allowed to suspect several persons as likely people to decoy Mrs. Vanderstein away, the real culprit being disclosed after an exciting and well-planned hunt. What the detective finds, at length, in the window-box of Number 13, Scholefield Avenue (down Maida Vale way) will come as a thrilling surprise to every reader of this fascinating book.

THE TOLL. By William Westrup. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The publishers say that the end of " The Toll " is " unexpected." It is—and it is also the book's principal fault, for Mr. Westrup gives his readers no indication of the tragic culmination of a story which is scarcely tragic in other respects. Apart from this grumble, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Westrup's latest—and in most other ways his best—novel. " The Toll " is a strong, well told, and well written story of South African life in the mines round Johannesburg. It introduces a large number of cleverly-drawn characters and a genuinely attractive heroine, and there are some really exciting scenes. Emphatically " The Toll " is a book that it is worth while to read, for Mr. Westrup's powers of presenting South African life in a vivid and convincing fashion seem to increase with each fresh novel that he writes.

THE BELFRY. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We are grown so used, in the last few weeks, to reading and thinking of Brussels and the familiar towns of Belgium as centres of the greatest, most terrible war the world has ever seen, that there is something almost incongruous in turning from the grim news of them that fills the daily papers and finding the same towns here, in " The Belfry," pleasant and peaceful centres of a tale that, though it is touched with something of tragedy, is full of the romance, the beauty, the tears and the laughter of life as it was lived until just before the thunder of war was in our ears. It tells of a young and beautiful woman married without love to a man much older than herself; her husband is stricken mentally, has to be removed into an asylum, and is said to be beyond hope of recovering his reason, though he may live on for long years. She has no children; she has no pleasure in society and the little social amenities that count for so much with most English women of her class. She is married, but a widow. London wearies her, and she is with difficulty dissuaded from going into a sort of High Church nunnery. Out in Bruges she meets with a Belgian dramatist, a man whose genius has not yet been recognised; her interest in him, her eager desire to help him in his work, grows to a deeper feeling. He, too, drifts into passionate love for her, though his innate selfishness through it all, his ready acquiescence in the idea that it is her mission to aid in the fostering of his great gifts and be sacrificed to them, is cleverly and effectively suggested. She sacrifices herself willingly and completely; then, when it seems too late, her husband recovers his sanity, remembers his past unkindnesses to her, and is deeply repentant and begs her forgiveness. To tell him the truth would be to shatter his mental health again and irreparably, and she is faced with the choice between the two men. It is a strong and well-imagined situation, and Mrs. Saunders handles it with uncommon delicacy and skill. The dialogue is crisp and natural, the characters vividly drawn, and the story a story of the most poignant human interest.

A GARDEN OF THE GODS. By Edith M. Keate. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

" Old thoughts and fair," which the author quotes from Lewis Morris in her prefatory Apologia, aptly enough describes the flavour and the limitations of this story. For it is all compact of old ingredients, with Beauty and the Beast for principal figures. The Beauty discovers a veritable garden of the gods; and the Garden-Man, as Penelope's small brother styles the Beast, joyfully welcomes Beauty and her brother to his paradise. Forthwith the Beast bows down and worships. But then begin the obstacles in the course of Penelope's love-story. The book is, presumably, a first one, but among many signs of immaturity there is not a little, both in dialogue and characterisation, to arouse expectation of better work from the same pen.

QUINNEY'S. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (John Murray.)

" Quinney's " is an excellent dramatic novel, which, even without the dedication to Mr. Cyril Maude, we should have felt instinctively was destined for the stage. Yet although this prophecy will assuredly be fulfilled, we

would advise the reader not to miss making acquaintance with certain very human characters while they remain in book form; namely, of Quinney, a dealer in old furniture, with his sparkling eyes and plain speech, his love of the beautiful and his preference for things to people, "the small man bustin' with great ideas"; of Sue, his little wife, who fought with such vigour to prevent his business becoming the greatest thing in his life, who lost and found "her lover of Laburnam Row"; of James, the fluently-rhetorical foreman; of Posy, who astonished her father, and discovered a fake, yet profited by the experience; and finally of Mrs. Honeybun, "an accomplished lady armed with the coagulated wisdom of the ages," whose hobby was the necessity of self-expression. By so doing the reader will enhance his enjoyment of a play without missing the delightful descriptions of Milchester life and love-making.

BIRD OF PARADISE. By Ada Leverson. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mrs. Leverson has so nice a sense of character and so complete a knowledge of the thoughts and actions of her world that she disarms criticism. In many respects her new book is a model of what the "society" novel should be; in others, to be frank, it is not. The faults all centre around the story, which—with six heroes and heroines—can hardly escape being confusing. But what *does* this matter when Mrs. Leverson is at the helm? Her story, after all, does at least give her an opportunity for the handling of a number of situations which are never strained or untrue. That, indeed, is the distinguishing mark of this most refreshing novel—its truth. One does not question the actions of any of Mrs. Leverson's characters; one simply knows that these things are so. The characters are alive, and you may meet their counterparts any day in Bond Street or Regent Street, well-dressed, amiable people, with a keen sense of humour for the most part, plenty of money, and nothing particular to do. "Bird of Paradise" makes an important contribution to Mrs. Leverson's considerable gallery of unforgettable portraits. It is a book at once admirable and delightful.

ONLY A DOG'S LIFE. By Baron Taube. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

It is no easy matter to make a four-footed animal the hero of your story; to unfold the history of its life from its own standpoint, and to make it interesting and convincing. Kipling has done it; Jack London did it, in "The Call of the Wild" and in "White Fang"; others have attempted it with more or less success, and none of these others has been more successful than Baron Taube is in his "Only a Dog's Life." His dog, Droozok, is a half-wild Russian hound with a strain of the wolf in him. A Russian merchant has bought him from some Siberian trappers with the notion of selling him at a good profit in New York. But on the voyage, Droozok shows a fierce enmity towards his master, who is furiously resolved on avenging himself for the humiliation the dog has brought upon him, and Droozok is only saved from his brutal intentions by being smuggled ashore by friendly sailors at New York and sold to the German proprietor of a drinking-saloon, where he falls under the charge of a droll, drunken Irish bar-tender. From this time on the story grows in interest, and Droozok passes through a succession of varied and exciting experiences. There is nothing of the subtlety of Kipling's or Jack London's psychology in the presentation of the dog's character; but Droozok and the miscellaneous Russian, American and German men and women with whom he comes in contact in the course of his adventures are ably and vividly drawn, and the story is fresh and ingenious and full of surprises. It is well worth reading.

The Bookman's Table.

JOHN BARLEYCORN. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

The sub-title of this book is "Alcoholic Memoirs," and the sub-title just expresses what the book is. It is a racy, virile, and occasionally riotous volume of incidents in the author's life in which John Barleycorn is both the hero and the villain, and we must frankly admit that we are thrilled and amused without being affected overmuch by Mr. London's propaganda. Indeed, there are a number of vital weaknesses in this statement of the case against alcohol. In the first place, Mr. London writes as an alcoholic whereas he admits that he never liked drink for its own sake. All his life he had drunk, not because he wanted to, but because he was a born adventurer and only by way of the saloons could be find and follow the trails of the adventurers of his dreams. The men he admired and loved were the men who drank, "the good fellows, easy and genial, daring and, on occasion, mad." As for the others, "the ones cold of heart and cold of head, who don't smoke, drink, or swear, or do anything else that is brave and resentful, and stinging," he would have none of them. "One does not meet these in saloons, nor rallying to lost causes, nor flaming on the adventure-paths, nor loving as God's own mad lovers." It is throaty, chesty, drinking men who do these things. So he took to drink as an expedient and became its slave. Now he would suppress it. He would have universal woman's suffrage, because he believes that wives and mothers would be prohibitionist, and, if alcohol was not always lying in wait for the best men alcohol would soon be doomed. Hence this tract. But we must mention that Mr. London himself refused to turn teetotal.

CROQUET. By Lord Tollemache. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Once one of the most popular of outdoor games, the glory of croquet has for some time past been more or less in eclipse, but there are unmistakable signs of a revival of general interest in it. The tendency has been to imagine that there is something slightly effeminate in a game that can be played without violence; but the plain truth is that a finer skill, a more scientific training goes to the making of the finished croquet-player than to the player of football, or, perhaps, even of cricket. What is more to the purpose is that, as its votaries know, it is one of the most delightful games that the ingenuity of man has ever invented, and Lord Tollemache's large and handsomely produced volume concerning it will make it clear to the uninitiated that it is a game in which there is much to learn, and one that for the sheer delight of it is worth learning. It is a book for the beginner, but not for him only; since it gives, lucidly and exhaustively, all that lore of the game without which even the first-class player cannot hope to succeed. One of the most brilliant of living players himself, Lord Tollemache has in these pages placed all his expert knowledge of croquet at the disposal of whosoever desires to become proficient in this fascinating pastime, and the practical value of such a work by such an author goes without saying. Its utility is enhanced by numerous photographic illustrations.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. (Second Series.) By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. 6s. (John Lane.)

The perfect critic would write of Anatole France's criticism as Anatole France writes of other authors. He would indulge in few historical comparisons, in few profound details, but he would, as it were, "taste" his author as Anatole France himself tastes his authors. He would let his mind browse upon exquisite sensations. Only then could he do justice to a critic so sensitive as Anatole France. Unfortunately for us all the perfect critic is but too rare. . . . There are nearly forty essays in this well-translated volume, and each of them has the perfection of a

work of art. They will not satisfy everyone, because everyone does not agree that the French School of the 'eighties is the ideal school of criticism; but they will interest everyone as the revelation of a wonderful and delicate personality. Anatole France brings to his criticism those very qualities which have enlivened his creative work—the finish of complete mastery, the irony of pity, the balance of a just, a romantic, and a disillusioned mind. There are writers, no doubt, whom he understands better than others, but his intelligence is so wide-awake and subtle that he *seems* to understand everyone alike. In writing round his subjects he appears to prick their very hearts. His learning is enormous, but it is half concealed in the intuitive comprehension, in the artistic nicety of his judgments. Long ago Anatole France devoted a whole volume to one poet, but this book does not suggest that it could have been any great success. His critical *forte* lies in the swift glimpse, in the deep, momentary touch. In that he is the unrivalled master of all critics.

RUSSIA: The Country of Extremes. By Madame N. Jarintzoff. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There was a time, not so long ago, when we were content to take our facts about Russia from the coloured pages of melodrama. Russia figured dimly in our imagination as a vast ice-bound territory given over to the evils of officialism and nihilism. One thought of Russia in terms of bombs and Siberian exile. We have changed all that. We are rapidly getting to know what we want to know about this misunderstood and misrepresented country. Mr. Maurice Baring was one of the pioneers who went out and saw things for himself, to our profit and enlightenment, and in his train have followed a host of writers and journalists eager to give us the fruits of their impressions. The universal importance of Russia may be gauged by the fact that Baedeker has now claimed it for his own. Madame Jarintzoff is the latest "interpreter," although her book is not so much an exposition as a commentary. It is a pot-pourri of some ten detached and independent articles dealing with such varied subjects as Church, Student Life, the Assassination of Alexander II., Cossacks, Agents Provocateurs, etc. Whatever faults we may find with the book on the score of consecutive interest, it cannot be denied that Madame Jarintzoff has succeeded admirably in presenting her facts. She has certainly added something to our knowledge of a country about which we cannot know too much. She does not think much of the Church as a means of spiritual regeneration—she is at variance with Mr. Baring in this opinion—and she paints a lurid picture of the corrupted clergy. This may or may not be. The maelstrom of religious controversy does not attract us. We are more interested in the soul of Russia—that great patient soul slowly but surely developing towards maturity—the actual life of the people, their aims, ideals, amusements, arts, etc. We should have liked more of this and less controversial matter. The book, however, has many merits. The chapter on the Cossacks is one of the best things we have read. We like also the chapter devoted to the "Agents Provocateurs," with its brief notes about Father Gapon, Aseff, etc. This is what one might call pardonable melodrama. We should have liked more of the author's "silhouettes" of everyday life; the snap-shot glimpses she gives us of the social life of the Russian people might have been prolonged. We must congratulate the publishers on the general get-up of the book; the illustrations accompanying the text, reproductions from paintings by famous painters like Riepin, Bielsky, Sverskoff, are admirable. There is also a useful glossary of Russian words.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

The chief note in Miss Phyllis Bottome's novel, **Broken Music** (6s), as in her previous ones, is its vivid realism. Told in strong vigorous style, with a delicious undercurrent of humour, the story is one that grips from start to finish, and the characters are drawn with her usual sympathetic skill and knowledge. It is the story of a young man's life in Paris—a young man who has been brought up in the country, and to whom the glare and glitter of Paris is a mystical, wonderful dream. The book deals chiefly with his gradual awakening; his trials, his temptations, his hopes and failures, his love—and the consequences. It is so easily natural, so intricate, so crammed with important little incidents, as is the way of life, that it is impossible to outline the plot in a few words. Those who are familiar with Miss Bottome's other books will need no further recommendation to "Broken Music"; and those who are not familiar with them may be sure that they will find in it a powerfully human novel, one that will rank with the ablest that she has written.

MESSRS. C. W. DANIEL, LTD.

Mr. E. A. Johnson says that his little book, **Small Flower Gardens** (1s.), "is simply written by a garden lover, for garden lovers, and in the hope that it may induce some who have not tasted the joys of gardening to step into the pathway of its delights, which leads to joys unspeakable." And certainly it would be difficult to read the book through and be left without a desire to start experimenting on a garden of one's own. Written briefly and lightly, with a pleasing scarcity of long, technical phrases, it is a handy little volume, compact and concise, with a wealth of information gathered between its covers; all beginners will find its hints useful and practical, and the simple straightforward style in which it is written easy to follow. It is illustrated with several charming photographs.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & CO.

The scene of **The Uplanders** (6s.), a countryside romance, is laid in the pleasant Gloucestershire uplands, and the people of the story comprise many interesting local types—rich and poor, squire and peasant, miller and maltster, preacher and poacher, in short, all the grandees and gossips of the delightful villages of Bircheston and Combe, which nestle cosily among the woods in neighbouring hollows. The story tells how a handsome stranger from Canada introduces a mysterious shadow into the life of Squire Honour of Combe, and comes near to wrecking the happiness of two women. The love stories of Miss Esther, the kindly mistress of Bircheston Mill, and of Marjorie Bryant, the maltster's daughter, are developed with some strength; but, in poignancy and power, the main theme of the novel is quite overshadowed by the love tragedy of Joe Hanks, the poacher, and Jen'fer, "his little wild dove." Some interesting gossips figure in the story, contributing their say in a vastly attractive Gloucestershire dialect.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

The Priceless Thing, by Maud Stepney Rawson (6s.), is a stirring romance which develops an exciting mystery. The heroine, a lovable young girl in a London library, seeks to improve her position by applying for the post of librarian in her titled cousin's large country mansion. How she secures the post, and what is the result of her success, forms the principal theme of Mrs. Rawson's story. It is told in an interesting, vivacious style, and with those many amusing touches which lend this author's books such a distinctive charm. The reader will be absorbed in the career of Anstice, in the misfortunes and misunderstandings which entangle her, in her love affair of which Mrs. Rawson tells with such natural sympathetic tenderness. It is an excellent story, well constructed, cleverly written, and difficult to put down till the mysteries have been solved, and the future happiness of Anstice is well assured. It cannot fail to please the reader who likes a good tale with an exciting, but perfectly probable, plot.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's writings are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to write any words of recommendation concerning a book of hers. Those who are on the look out for a stirring, sensational novel, full of dramatic incidents, and with an intricate, cleverly-worked-out plot, will know that they cannot do better than purchase her latest, **The Silver Stair** (6s.). It is a book that will appeal to all who love a tale of passionate love and passionate hate; of crime and punishment; of human weakness and human strength. Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton knows how to tell a thrilling story; her invention seems to be inexhaustible, and she is never at a loss for some turn of events, or fresh surprise to sustain the excitement of her narrative throughout.

WARD, LOCK & Co.'s LIST

NEW

SIX-SHILLING FICTION

From all Libraries and Booksellers.

BLAKE'S BURDEN
Harold Bindloss

THE PATHWAY (4TH EDITION)
Gertrude Page

THE MASTER OF MERRIPIT
Eden Phillpotts

THROUGH FOLLY'S MILL
A. & C. Askew

TRADER CARSON
John Barnett

BOSAMBO OF THE RIVER
Edgar Wallace

AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS (3s. 6d.)
Joseph Hocking

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE
A. W. Marchmont

THE YEARS OF FORGETTING (2ND EDITION)
Lindsay Russell

THE SIX RUBIES (3s. 6d.)
Justus Miles Forman

THE HOUSE OF MAMMON
Fred M. White

THE MAKER OF SECRETS
Wm. Le Queux

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER
Louis Tracy

THE BROTHER OF DAPHNE
Dornford Yates

BEHIND THE PICTURE
M. McDonnell Bodkin

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM
Effie A. Rowlands

WHEAT AND TARES
Paul Trent

WARD, LOCK & COMPANY, LIMITED,
SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

WYMAN & SONS

LIMITED

Largest Installation of Monotype and Linotype Machines in the Kingdom
Fine Art Miehle and other Presses for best Bookwork

High-class Rotary Machinery for half-tone printing and quadruple Presses producing 16, 20, 24, 28 and 32 pp. papers at 30,000 per hour, folded

Newspaper, Book

and

General Printers

and Lithographers

Binding Plant complete, including the latest machines for Case-making and Casing-in

Books set up by Monotype, submitted entire in proof, printed and bound complete

BOOKSTALL CONTRACTORS ON LONDON & NORTH WESTERN, GREAT WESTERN AND OTHER RAILWAYS

Wholesale Booksellers and Newsagents

Railway, Press and General Advertising Contractors

LONDON & READING

A Selection from

MACMILLAN'S

FIRST LIST OF AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS

H. G. WELLS'S

NEW LONG NOVEL

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman

Extra Crown 8vo. 6s.

*** Mr. Wells' new book is a long novel of modern life which deals with various aspects of the feminist movement, and especially in relation to marriage. The heroine of the story, Lady Harman, is a most charming character.

EARL OF CROMER

Political and Literary Essays. SECOND SERIES. By the Right Hon. the EARL OF CROMER, O.M., G.C.B. 8vo.

With Poor Immigrants to America. By STEPHEN GRAHAM, Author of "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem." Illustrated. 8vo.

EVERSLEY SERIES—NEW VOLUMES.

Essays of Addison. Chosen and Edited, with a Memoir and a few Notes, by SIR J. G. FRAZER, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. Globe 8vo. 8s. net.

Dictionary of Madame de Sévigné. By EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited and Annotated by his Great-Niece, MARY ELEANOR FITZGERALD KERRICH. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Globe 8vo. 8s. net.

*** The Dictionary consists of Essays by FitzGerald on persons mentioned in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and also notes by him on the various subjects. These are followed by annotations by Miss Kerrich, the editor of the work.

Henri Bergson. An Account of his Life and Writings. By ALGOT RUHE and NANCY MARGARET PAUL. With Portrait. Extra Crown 8vo.

The Idealistic Reaction against Science. By Prof. ANTONIO ALIOTTA, Royal University of Padua. Translated by AGNES McCASKILL. 8vo.

THIRD IMPRESSION JUST PUBLISHED.

St Paul's Epistle to the Romans. A New Translation with a Brief Analysis. By W. G. RUTHERFORD, Headmaster of Westminster. Third Impression. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

What do We Mean by Education? By J. WELTON, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Leeds. 8vo. 6s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON.

BOOKS OF TIMELY INTEREST

MEN AROUND THE KAISER (NEW EDITION)

By *FREDERIC W. WILE.* Cr. 8vo. Illus. **2s.** net.

Character Sketches of all the personalities now in the thick of Germany's fight for existence.

THE GREAT ILLUSION

A Study of the Relations of Military Power in Nations to their economic and social advantage.

By *NORMAN ANGELL.* Cr. 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

INTERNATIONAL POLITY

By *NORMAN ANGELL.*

"A closely reasoned book that is a valuable contribution to the science of politics."—*Daily Mail.*

WAR AND ITS ALLEGED BENEFITS

By *J. NOVIKOW.* With an introduction by NORMAN ANGELL. Cr. 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

"Mr. Norman Angell says in a foreword, 'It contains more argument against war, in the abstract, than anything I know.' It is indeed a compact arsenal of arguments against the crude concepts of war." —*Observer.*

GERMAN MEMORIES

By *SIDNEY WHITMAN.* With Portraits. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

Mr. Whitman has had exceptional facilities for viewing German life from almost every aspect, and he writes with a ready pen, among other things many interesting glimpses of the Emperor William I., Moltke, etc.

RUSSIA from WITHIN

By *ALEXANDER ULAR.* Demy 8vo. **8s. 6d.** net.

This book will prove exceptionally interesting, as it throws light upon the inner workings of that great nation which is at present the deciding factor in the Great European Crisis.

SERVIA BY THE SERVIANS

Edited by *ALFRED STEAD.* With Map. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d.** net.

"Mr. Stead has had a good idea and has carried it out well."—*Standard.*

NAVAL HYGIENE

By *J. D. GATEWOOD, M.D.* Illustrated. Ryl. 8vo. **25s.** net.

"This book will be found of great use to the British Naval medical officer, and can be cordially recommended."
—*British Medical Journal.*

PORTRAITS by WILLIAM NICHOLSON

2s. 6d. net each.

LORD KITCHENER
LORD ROBERTS
LORD ROBERTS at REVIEW

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, LONDON, W.C.

Cloth 1/- net.

The Daily Telegraph WAR BOOKS

The Daily Telegraph WAR BOOKS are not part publications, but actual and permanent books complete in themselves and containing unique information. They will be read by thousands, not only now but by the generations to come.

VOL. I. *NOW READY*

HOW THE WAR BEGAN

By W. L. COURTNEY, LL.D., and J. M. KENNEDY.

Britain's justification before the Bar of History.

VOL. II. *NOW READY*

THE FLEETS AT WAR

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

¶ This book contains charts of the North Sea and Kiel Canal, besides plans and illustrations of English and German warships, and is essential to those who wish to understand the naval position. It compares the British and German warships, contains a character sketch of Admiral Jellicoe, the man, and another of the Commander-in-Chief of the German fleet, examines the German naval bases, and makes public the strength and defences of the Kiel Canal. Volume II. of "The Daily Telegraph War Books" is, therefore, the key book to the understanding of the NAVAL situation.

VOL. III. *NOW READY*

THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN

By GEORGE HOOPER.

¶ In order to comprehend the enormous difficulties facing Germany in the conduct of the present war, it is essential to understand how totally different and how infinitely more complicated are the problems that confront her now than those of the Franco-Prussian War. Mr. Hooper's famous book on the campaign of Sedan is not only the most fascinating war reading, it is also a convincing explanation of the success of the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War, and it shows why there is so little likelihood of that success being repeated. Volume III. of "The Daily Telegraph War Books" is the key book to the MILITARY situation.

VOL. IV. *READY SHORTLY*

THE CAMPAIGN ROUND LIÉGE

¶ This vivid book will be one of the most interesting of the whole series. No proper and ordered account of the wonderful Belgian resistance to the German advance has yet been given. Volume IV. of "The Daily Telegraph War Books" describes in wonderful detail the heroic defence of Liége, and shows how the gallant army of Belgium has upset and altered the whole plan of advance as devised by the Kaiser and his War Council.

FURTHER VOLS. WILL BE ANNOUNCED IMMEDIATELY.

ORDER ALL THE VOLUMES, and so secure the best war library for now and for the generations to come.

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" WAR BOOKS

are bound in cloth, price 1/- net each. Post free 1 3 each. of all booksellers.

They may be ordered direct from the office of "The Daily Telegraph" (Address envelopes "War Books 'The Daily Telegraph' Fleet Street. London. E.C.") Published for "The Daily Telegraph" by Hodder and Stoughton. Warwick Square. London. E.C.

TO AUTHORS.—Messrs. DIGBY, LONG & Co. (Publishers of "The Author's Manual," 3s. 6d. net, Tenth Edition) are prepared to consider MSS. in all Departments of Literature with a view to publication in Volume Form.—Address, 16, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BOOKS WANTED.

Mark Twain: What is Man?
A Year at Liberty (Horace Cox).
Dreyfus. (Anything on.)

HUDSON, 116, New Street, BIRMINGHAM.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Always write at once and always write well.

This fact is due to the perfect feed system and the delightful smoothness of the "Swan" Nibs.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.
Prices from 10s. 6d. upwards.
May we send our complete Catalogue?
MABIE, TODD, & CO.,
79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.

"SWAN" FOUNTPEN

FOR WRITING PERFECTION

"A good digestion"

—an excellent wish, which may be realised by taking the "Allenburys" Diet.

It affords an ideal food for those of weakened or temporarily impaired digestion.

It is prepared from rich milk and whole wheat—the two vital food elements, combined in a partially predigested form.

MADE IN A MINUTE—
Add boiling water only.

Large sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

The "Allenburys" DIET

Of Chemists 1/6 & 3/- per tin.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London.

A NEW Novel of GALLANT BELGIUM

THE BELFRY By MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS Author of SAINTS IN SOCIETY 6/-

HODDER AND STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary Coffee.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN TRACED GOODS. Sent Post Free.

5 O'CLOCK CLOTHS, white: 1/1, 1/3, 1/11. Extra Quality, 2/4.
DUCHESSE SETS: 1/2, 1/6, 1/11, 2/4.
CUSHION COVERS, Crash, Muslin, or Grass Lawn: 6½d., 9½., 1/-.
TRAY CLOTHS: 4d., 6d., 8d., 1/-, 1/4, 1/9.

Special Parcels made up from 3/- upwards or Sent separately.

SEND TO-DAY. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Money refunded if not satisfied.
THE PROPRIETRESS,
THE WORK BOX,
Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

PRINTED BY WYMAN & SONS LTD., LONDON AND READING—SEPTEMBER, 1914.